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M. R. Leon Coud

WAYSIDE FLOWERS:

A

COLLECTION OF POEMS.

BY

MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

"In my Life's journey I have plucked
Some little *wayside flowers*,
When youth was in its golden dawn,
And in maturer hours —
Which, here in one fair chaplet wreathed,
May find some partial eye
To love their simple hues, nor pass
Them all unheeded by."

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LI.

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DEDICATION.

TO HIM WHOSE NAME

"Awoke my earliest lay,"

AND TO THE FRIENDS WHOSE KIND ENCOURAGEMENT WAS TO MY HUMBLE

EFFORTS AS SUNSHINE TO THE OPENING FLOWERS,

This Volume

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

19 FEB '39

PREFACE.

The public are here presented with a volume of Poems, which, in the opinion of the individual to whose charge the superintendence of their printing was intrusted, deserve a cordial welcome from all those readers who love tenderness and purity of thought, joined to simplicity and grace of expression. They seem, like those "wildings of nature" from which they borrow their title, (a title esteemed appropriate, and therefore bestowed by the writer of these few words of introduction,) to be the spontaneous productions of a fertile soil — the free growth of an unartificial mind. As such, they are more grateful to a cultivated taste than are elaborated efforts. Far sweeter are those buds and leaves which are wet with the dews of morning, than those on whose surface lie drops of moisture condensed from the steam of a conservatory. More beautiful, too, are flowers of nature's growth than exotics.

It will be discerned by the lovers of nature, that these poems were mostly written in the country, to whose mild influences the heart of the writer was captive, from whose woods and fields she derived that inspiration which is not to be found among the brick walls and dusty streets of cities. It will also be discerned that

feeling predominates over fancy in these lyrics, and that the illustration is ever subordinate to the sentiment.

The "breathing of the sweet South" is also redolent through many of these verses. Southern scenery glows amid their descriptive pencilling. The blossoms and the fruit of the orange impart their white and golden hues to the pictures. Over them hangs a warm and odorous atmosphere, unchilled by Northern snows. And yet, the voice which so sweetly celebrates the streams and the glades of Florida, is a voice of exile, and betrays longings for rougher breezes and cloudier skies.

The interest which, as the writer of this preface believes, these poems will create, will not only justify but demand some reference to the personal history of their fair author.

The parents of Mrs. St. Leon Loud, whose name was Barstow, were both from New England. They settled in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, where she was born, when the northern portion of that state was almost a wilderness. Her father was a benevolent, much-respected physician, of a successful and extended practice. Writing of the place of her birth, Mrs. Loud enthusiastically says, "When I begin to think or speak of my early home, my eyes grow dim, and memories throng upon me that will not be repressed; for

'There 's not in this wide world a valley so sweet'

as that in which we dwelt, near the noble Susquehanna, surrounded by the most beautiful and romantic scenery,—high hills, covered to their summit with lofty forest trees

— rocks, streams, and green, sunny fields! I see them yet, with my spirit's eye; and, by night and day, my world-weary thoughts are ever returning to that quiet valley, and the home which is now in the possession of strangers. Sweet vale of Wysox!

> There my earliest years were passed, —
> There I hope to rest at last;
> I would lay my weary head
> In its dark and narrow bed,
> Where the evening shadows fall
> Softly from the old church wall,
> Where the sighing pines would wave
> Gently o'er my peaceful grave —
> And my mouldering ashes blend
> With those of sister, brother, friend.
> Vale of Wysox! I would sleep
> Buried in thy bosom deep."

In that fondly-remembered home she received almost her only education. With an ample library for her instruction, a gentle, affectionate mother for her teacher, the sweet and holy influences of nature around her, and inheriting from both her parents a taste for poetry, she, like most juvenile votaries of the muses, cultivated her early acquaintance with them by offerings of certain stanzas in albums and invocations to the moon. But she did not commit any of her effusions, numerous as they were, to "the tender mercies of the press," till many years after; not, indeed, till after her marriage, in 1834.*

*Not in 1824, as stated in Miss May's Notices of the Lives of American Female Poets.

Since that most eventful period in the life of every woman, marriage, among many vicissitudes and domestic cares, Mrs. Loud has still cherished her early fondnesses and predilections, and plucked many "way-side flowers" from the pleasant paths of poetry. These she has gathered together, and they are now presented, by the hand to which they were modestly committed for selection and arrangement, without alteration, and with few omissions. Those omissions were the most difficult part of the proof-reader's (for he cannot conscientiously say editor's) task; for where no exception could be taken to any piece, it was hard to decide upon any to except. But it is very important that a volume of poems should not be too large; since the smallness of the package, to use a mercantile metaphor, often suggests the value of the goods.

Mrs. Loud has resided, during many of the maturer years of her life, at the South; and hence it is that no small portion of her descriptive poetry is imbued with the warmth and sweetness of a tropical climate. Her present residence is in Philadelphia.

The writer does not put his initials to this imperfect introduction with any idea that they will give vogue to productions sufficiently recommended by their intrinsic merit, but simply to show that the opinions expressed are those of a responsible, if not competent critic.

P. B.

Newport, R. I., September 17, 1850.

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THE SEMINOLE'S DEATH.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

The sun rose in a summer sky,
And with his broad, unclouded eye,
Looked down upon a scene more fair,
More calmly beautiful, than aught
  That ever blest a poet's dreams;
The lofty forest tops had caught
  And glittered in the crimson beams,
That burnished each tall column there,
And, through the far dim vistas, streamed
With growing splendor, till they seemed
Like the illuminated aisles
Of richly carved cathedral piles.
Beneath, wild-flowers of every hue
  A tesselated pavement spread,
And fragrance from the dew-gemmed cups
  Like incense on the air was shed;
While, through the pine-tree boughs, a tone
Thrilled like an organ's dying moan.

Soft murmuring like "a thing of life,"
The Withlacoochee rolled,
Rejoicing in the pride and strength
Of freedom uncontrolled.
The sunlight on its waters flashed,
Till every tiny wave was dashed
With hues of liquid gold.
As droops the fringe o'er beauty's eye
Of silken lashes gracefully,
As if to veil the dazzling light
Beneath, which else had beamed too bright,
A softened shadow o'er the stream
The silver willows flung;
And from each slender dancing spray,
The trumpet vine, in rich array,
Its scarlet blossoms hung.

But ere above that glorious scene,
So bright, so peacefully serene,
So fraught with loveliness, the sun
Half way his noon-day height had won,
Strange echoes in the forest woke;
The spell of solitude was broke,
And the long arches rang again
With bugle shrill and trumpet strain,

As troops of pale-face warriors trod
Across the flower-enamelled sod,
With forms erect and bearing high,
Unconscious that a foe was nigh.
Sudden upon the startled ear
Burst a wild war-whoop loud and clear;
As louder, wilder still, it rang,
Drowning the trumpet's brazen clang,
    Hundreds of dark-browed men,
With arrow poised upon the bow,
Ready to meet the invading foe,
    Rose from each mossy glen;
Each bush and tuft of flowering fern
Gave forth an Indian dark and stern;
And tomahawks, with glimmering sheen,
Glanced the palmetto leaves between.

Fierce was the fight, and terrible
    The slaughter that befell;
The horrors of that battle-field
    It boots not here to tell;
The white man conquered in his might,
    And from the fatal fray
Was the Eagle of the Seminoles
    In triumph led away.

They bore him to their camp beside
Suwannee's darkly rolling tide,
And bound the fetters of a slave
Upon his noble limbs — the grave
Had been more welcome to the soul
Of the wild, free-born Seminole!
Oh, 't was a living death to him
Whose life had passed in forest dim,
Roaming a boundless solitude
With Nature in her wildest mood!
And floods of bitter-burning thought
Rushed o'er his tortured brain,
With dreams of deadliest vengeance fraught —
While each strong, throbbing vein,
Which round his dusky temples twined,
With the fierce passions there confined,
Grew rigid in its pain.
From his dark eyes, that wildly rolled
Beneath a brow of sternest mould,
The untamed spirit of his sires
Gleamed like the strange, unearthly fires,
That nightly hover o'er the tomb,
Within a charnel's fearful gloom.

And there he lay, a captive chained,
Until four moons had waxed and waned;

What recked they, that to him they seemed
Like ages, in their flight? They deemed
That long imprisonment and grief
Would break the spirit of the chief,
And death unbidden come, at last.
What recked they, if from life he past,
Unwept, unfriended and alone,
His melancholy fate unknown?
But brighter grew his fiery eye,
    Unquenched its piercing ray;
And his smile of utter hate and scorn
    Grew darker, day by day.
They cowered beneath their captive's glance,
    His bold, defying look —
His taunting words and fearless mien
    They could no longer brook.
His doom went forth — Oh, gaze thy last,
  Proud Eagle! on the setting sun —
On stream, and sky, and forest vast —
  Thine earthly race is well-nigh run.

Was there, in all that warrior band,
No feeling heart, no generous hand,
To open wide his prison door,
And bid the rescued Eagle soar?

No! cold, and hard, and merciless,
Each soldier there had grown,
As if his heart in seas of blood
Had hardened to a stone!

It was the hour of midnight deep,
When the poor captive's troubled sleep
Was broken by the creaking door,
And heavy footsteps on the floor.
A sudden gleam of torches fell
Upon him, as he lay,
From his low couch he wildly sprang
Like a gaunt wolf at bay,
When hunted to his last retreat;
But heavy chains were on his feet,
Else had the intruders met their doom
That hour within his dungeon gloom—
Else had they never rudely prest
Their glittering bayonets to his breast,
Nor led him like a dog to die;
For there was lightning in his eye,
From which his coward murderers quailed,
With blanching cheek; but what availed
His strength or courage?—foot and hand
Were powerless in an iron band.

They led him forth, in silence stern, —
    He knew his hour had come;
But his free spirit loftier grew,
And calmer, as it nearer drew
    To the Great Spirit's home.
One fond and lingering look he cast
On that fair land — it was the last;
Then wrapped his blanket closer round,
And bent his dark eye on the ground,
    As if communing with the past.
They reached the broad Suwannee's side,
Where a small bark rocked on the tide,
Upon whose mirrored surface played
The soft moonbeams, in light and shade.
Then, as with demon hands, they tore
Huge fragments from the rocky shore,
And bound them with a knotted thong
Upon his fettered ankles, strong.
He read aright his fearful doom,
A sudden death — a watery tomb!

The boat shot swiftly from the shore —
A sullen plunge, and all was o'er!
And the ill-fated Seminole
    Sunk to his nameless grave,

Full many a fathom darkly down,
    Beneath Suwannee's wave.
The waters gurgled as they rose,
    Then sparkled as before;
While the fresh breezes of the night
    The dying murmur bore
Far off, until the startled deer
Fled from the moon-lit glades in fear;
And the lone night-bird, hovering nigh,
On flapping wing, went screaming by,
And sought, with haste, her sheltered nest,
High on the pine-tree's waving crest.
But ere the echoes died away,
  The murderous crew regained the land;
And from the vessel's lifted prow
  Sprung lightly on the sand.

Reader! my "ower true tale," is done.
As brightly shines the summer sun
On that fair land of lake and stream;
As sweetly sleeps the moon's soft beam
On forest, grove, and orange bower;
As freshly blooms each fragrant flower,
As if no hostile foot had trod
  Each glade and verdant plain;

Nor human blood had drenched the sod,
  Poured forth like summer rain.
And white men through her forests stray;
But her red children — where are they?

THE THORN.

I SING the sacred thorn; let others twine
Of fading flowers a wreath — the thorn be mine.
Rude and unsightly though its form may be,
A scorned, rejected thing, it hath for me
A spell of memory, and a deeper power
To stir my spirit, than the fairest flower.

I saw One standing in a stately hall,
With columns richly carved, and sculptured wall;
And arches draped with many a massy fold
Of gorgeous crimson, looped with cords of gold;
From lofty ceilings, in that hall of pride,
Swung burnished lamps, with fragrant oil supplied;
In many a niche were golden censers hung,
That on the air their scented offerings flung.
All — all was costly, beautiful, and rare,
And Israel's rulers congregated there.

And lo! it is his coronation hour,
Who standeth yonder, 'mid the pomp and power

Of Roman soldiers, guarded like a king.
Forth, then, the royal robe and sceptre bring!
His coronation hour! — hark! hark! the crowd,
A countless multitude, shout long and loud,
"King of the Jews, all hail!"
The robe was brought,
Its purple texture with rich 'broideries wrought,
And cast around him: —
Ho! the diadem!
The crown for Israel's king! Let every gem
Gleam with a ten-fold brightness, till a blaze
Of radiant glory round his temples plays.
Bring forth the crown!
O, sight of shame and dread —
The crown prepared for that meek monarch's head!
Thorns, keen and long, and wounding to the flesh,
From some Judean hill-side gathered fresh,
Compose its jewels! Nought but a wreath of thorns
The holy head of Israel's King adorns!
They place it there, and with rude hands press down
Upon his tender brow that galling crown.

And was it mockery all, — the garment rare, —
The show of pomp, — the shouts that rent the air?
Ay! and with buffetings they led him forth —
Jesus, the Lord — the King of all the earth!

Loud they reviled him, swaying to and fro
With passions wilder, deeper, than the flow
Of Jordan, when the mountain floods descend,
And to its swollen stream their fury lend;
Glances of hate from wrathful eyes were shed,
Like lightning-bolts, on his defenceless head;
And mutterings deep, like distant thunders, come
From the vast crowd, and echo through the dome.

Henceforth the thorn is sacred in my sight;
It seemeth unto me that heavenly light
Lingers around each polished point, to guide
The wandering sinner to the Crucified.
It hath a history — an undying fame;
And, written in the Book of God, its name
Is woven in the record of that crime,
Which stands engraved upon the scroll of Time,
Alone — unequalled.
Who, of woman born,
Wears not within his breast a rankling thorn,
Though oft concealed? The daily path we tread
With thickly-springing thorns is overspread;
Each glowing blossom, and each earth-born joy,
Hideth a thorn, to wound and to annoy,
Yet fraught with holy teachings.

Saviour! Thou,
Whose head was crowned with thorns, oh! hear me now,
And grant, that with meek patience I may tread
Life's thorny road, and when my weary head
Seeks its last pillow, may no thorn be found
To wound me there!

WYOMING.

Wyoming Vale! how fair, how bright,
It bursts upon the traveller's sight,
Who, from the mountain-top, looks down
On its broad fields, and peaceful town!
Perchance his feet have wandered o'er
Each spot of earth e'er trod before;
Explored each far-off, sunny land,
From Afric's shores of golden sand
To those bright vales of Italy,
  Where fountains, in the sunlight springing,
Their sparkling waters to the sky,
  In showers of diamond-drops, are flinging;
Or where each verdant hill of France,
  Crowned with its graceful vintage-fields,
Woo'd by the sun's impassioned glance,
  A rich and glowing harvest yields;
Or by the Rhine's blue waters stood,
When rock, and tree, and tower, and flood,
Were bathed in sunset's golden light —
But never did a scene more bright,

More beautiful, or tranquil, lie,
Spread out before his wondering eye.

And there, a giant in its course,—
Leagues, leagues away, its mountain source—
Old Susquehannah's sparkling tide
Pursues, in majesty and pride,
Free and unchecked, its shining track,
With its glad waters flashing back
  The radiance of the noon-day beam;
Dotted, its banks, with cottage homes,
While lofty spires and pillared domes
  In the warm sunlight gleam;—
With stately mansions, half concealed
  By nature's richest drapery,
Thrown round them, like a mantle flung
  O'er beauty's shoulders, gracefully.
Above, around, the bending sky
Is touched by softest tints, that lie
Along the western verge, at even,
Of fair Italia's summer heaven.
Seest thou yon ancient forest trees,
  Spreading their moss-grown branches round,
As if to woo the passing breeze?
  Stranger! they wave o'er "classic ground."

For Genius, with creative fire,
Breathing upon the Poet's lyre,
Bade Gertrude live.
Her history
Is graven on each rock and tree,
And Time can never break the spell
Of romance formed when Gertrude fell.

Though here the antiquarian's eye
No sculptured relics may descry;
No fragments of a buried world
Long ages since to ruin hurled;
Yet, strewed o'er all the valley, lie
Memorials of a race gone by.
Spear-head, and point, and battle-brand,
Once wielded by a savage hand;
And many a hatchet, rusted o'er
With sanguine stains of human gore;
And scalping-knife—
Ah! tell they not
A fearful tale of this fair spot?
Wyoming! thine is blood-bought soil!
And every sheaf of golden grain,
Which, to reward the laborer's toil,
Springs upward from the fertile plain,

Calls on thy sons for honor due
To those, the noble and the true,
Who, fearless, sought the unequal strife,
And won the heritage, with life.

But, oh! what human tongue can tell
  The horrors of that dreadful day,
When on their ears the war-whoop fell,
  As screams the vulture o'er his prey?
When Brandt, and his fierce Indian horde,
  Like a full torrent in its might,
Resistless, through the valley poured,
  And gathered madly to the fight.
Women and children, wild with fears,
Fled, like the frightened flock, which hears,
Close following, a hungry pack
Of mountain wolves upon its track;
And where the fort's rude bulwark rose
Sought refuge from their savage foes.

Short time for parting words was there,
For last embrace, or fervent prayer,
Ere father, husband, brother, son,
Girding, with haste, their weapons on,

Went — but returned no more!
The sun set on that battle plain,
Strewed with the mangled and the slain,
Its green sods drenched with gore; —
While Susquehannah's silver wave,
With the warm life-blood of the brave,
Ran crimson from the shore.
They fell — that noble, martyred band;
And o'er their dust no kindred hand
Reared pillar, or recording stone —
They with their glory slept alone;
Trees sprung and grew above the spot,
Until, at last, it was forgot.

Years, long and many, passed away;
That buried dust was sought and found;
And once more shone the light of day
On forms that long in darkness lay
Deep in their own blood-hallowed ground.
Lo! from the mountain's lofty height,
What greeteth now the traveller's sight?
A monumental stone! To tell
That blood still flows in living veins,
Kindred to that which dyed these plains,
When those brave spirits fell;

That hearts had yearned with strong desires
  To rescue each ancestral name,
And in the glory of their sires
  Live on the brightest page of fame.
For this, the gathered wealth of years,
Hallowed by warm and grateful tears,
  By willing hands was given —
Until that marble column fair
Rose proudly, in the summer air,
  Beneath the light of heaven;
And on its broad entablature
  Each honored name was found.
Wyoming! thine is blood-bought soil,
  And thine is hallowed ground!

OUR GRANDFATHER.

The dear old man — the good old man!
We mourn for him with tears;
For he had dwelt beneath our roof
For five-and-twenty years.

In all those long and happy years,
He gave no cause for pain;
And we shall never, never look
Upon his like again.

We miss his long and cheerful tales,
About the olden time;
And of his many brave exploits,
When he was in his prime.

We miss him from the old arm-chair,
That stands beside the hearth,
Where he gathered us around his knee,
And joined our childish mirth.

We miss him from the garden ground,
Where, with contented air,
He toiled through many a summer day,
To make it bloom more fair.

We miss him from the evening meal —
His seat is vacant there;
And, oh! our hearts are cold and sad,
To see that empty chair.

We miss him from each sunny spot,
About our pleasant home;
Oh! he will never be forgot,
Though far away we roam.

But deep within his children's hearts
His memory will remain,
Until we meet him face to face,
And never part again.

ROSE MALCOLM.

A BALLAD.

Oh! why sits the maiden alone in her bower,
While others are wasting in revel the hour?
And why are her dark lashes heavy with tears,
While the sound of glad music still rings in her ears?
'T is the eve of her bridal — why weeps she to-night?
Can sorrow have entered a bosom so light?
Alas for Rose Malcolm! the tale must be told —
Her heart in its freshness was bartered for gold!

For this she hath left the gay revel, and gone
To weep in her chamber, unheeded, alone;
The future dark shadows around her hath cast,
And she writhes in despair as she thinks of the past;
Her lover's rich gifts she hath torn from her brow,
She crushes the pearls, and she shrinks from the vow;
"Oh! would that my heart in the grave had been cold,
Ere its truth and affection were bartered for gold!"

She stands at the altar: oh, costly and rare
Are the jewels that shine in her raven-black hair;
But Hope's holy light from her dark eye hath fled,
Her cheek and her lip wear the hue of the dead;
The rose-wreath is pure as a chaplet of snow,
But paler the brow that is throbbing below;
And scarce can the bridegroom her trembling form hold,
For her heart, her young heart, had been bartered for gold.

She hath wept her last tears on a fond mother's breast,
Her father hath prayed that his child might be blest,
While her bosom was bursting with anguish and pain; —
On her heart's early love she must think not again.
Rose Malcolm hath gone to a mansion of pride,
An honored, a worshipped, a desolate bride;
For under the pearls and the satin's rich fold
Lies a heart that was perjured and bartered for gold.

Oh, bright was the blossom, and green was the leaf,
When she left her first love to the canker of grief;
And sweet sung the bird in her favorite bower; —
Now sear is the green leaf, and withered the flower;
The gay bird hath flown to a sunnier sky,
And her lover hath looked on a laughing blue eye;
But woe for the false one! — the valley's damp mould
Lies deep on the heart that was bartered for gold.

"I WOOED THEE."

I WOOED thee not as others woo,
By flattery's magic spell,
For, oh! I knew — what joy was mine —
Thy woman's heart too well.
As lute by zephyrs idly touched
Returns no answering strain,
Thy bosom's chords could not respond
To aught so light and vain.

I wooed thee not with costly gifts,
Or gems from India's mine;
They might the *hand* of beauty gain,
But not a *heart* like thine.
The violet yieldeth not for gold
Its fragrant loveliness,
And the rich treasures of thy love
No sordid vows could bless.

I wooed thee not with deeds enrolled
  Upon the scroll of fame,
Nor that her meteor light was shed
  Around my humble name;
Thou 'rt like the flower that to the sun
  Its bright eye turneth still,
Though fair or clouded, whispering,
  "Thine own, for good or ill."

I wooed thee with the words of truth,
  And won thee for my bride;
Mine is the priceless boon which thou
  To others hast denied,—
A heart more pure than snow which lies
  Where foot hath never trod,
Whence Faith, as from her native home,
  Still looketh up to God.

I wooed thee,—and whate'er my lot,
  Since I can call thee mine,—
Though storms may gather round my way,
  Or sunbeams brightly shine,—
I care not; for thy love can make
  Affliction's chalice sweet,
Though by thy side life's *golden* hours
  On angel's wings would fleet.

I wooed thee,—and from that blest hour,
  When on thy youthful brow
The seal of earthly love was set,
  My spirit breathed a vow,
To guard unsullied to the last
  The treasure thou hast given,
That we may meet, when life is o'er,
  With purer joy, in heaven.

ON A DRAWING OF A WILD-FLOWER.

Deep in the wild-wood wandering,
  I found a sweet, though nameless flower;
A fragrant, bright and lovely thing,
  As ever graced a garden bower.

Its home was in a quiet spot,
  Where fairies might delight to dwell,
By all the world unseen, unsought;
  And so I named it Fairy Dell.

A carpet of the richest green
  Upon the little glade was spread,
And o'er its dewy velvet sheen
  Tall forest trees soft twilight shed.

And there the beauteous flow'ret sprung
  Upon its green and slender stalk,
And there its fragrant breath was flung,
  To glad me in my lonely walk.

Then fancy whispered oft, perchance,
  Upon a moonlight night of spring —
Here might the woodland fairies dance
  Around it, in a merry ring.

I would have stolen the little flower,
  And borne it to my home away,
To bloom within my garden bower,
  Where I might see it, day by day;

It might have been the sighing breeze,
  Or the low warble of a bird,
Far up among the leafy trees,
  That softly murmuring I heard;

But something near me seemed to say,
  So mournfully, I could but weep —
"Here let me live my summer day,
  And then among my kindred sleep."

Not vainly did that fond prayer come;
  For well I know, when forced to leave
The one bright spot, — our childhood's home, —
  How long and deep the heart must grieve.

And so I left it where it grew;
  To that wild-flower, so full of grace,
In the imperfect sketch I drew,
  Some faint resemblance you may trace.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

THERE 's gladness in the household,
  There 's joy around the hearth,
And tender words of welcome greet
  The new-born child of earth.
The chain of pure affection,
  That round the heart is worn,
Gaineth another golden link,
  Whene'er a child is born.

Proudly the father gazes
  Upon the gift from Heaven;
With joyful hope his heart beats high,
  To him a son is given.
His visions are all glowing —
  Perchance that boy may stand,
In manhood, crowned with honor's wreath,
  The foremost of the land.

A little band is gathering;
  Brothers and sisters come,
To welcome one more playmate sweet,
  Into their happy home.
Oh! blissful is the meeting
  With that fair infant boy;
They dream not that a parting hour
  Will ever mar their joy.

But unto thee, oh mother!
  To thee, and only thee,
Is given a prescience of the heart,
  The future all to see;
And even now thy bosom
  With anxious fears is torn—
Thou know'st that to man's common lot
  Thy precious child is born.

Thou know'st the way is weary,
  Through life's enchanted ground;
And though full many a pleasant flower
  Beside the path is found—
Yet oft the fairest blossom
  Conceals a deadly thorn,
And to a heritage of grief
  Each son of man is born.

Then gird him for the journey
  While yet the morn is fair,
And bind upon his infant brow
  An amulet of prayer,
And place the priceless jewel
  Of truth within his heart;
Then may thy loved one fearlessly
  From hearth and home depart.

And when thou bendest lowly
  Beside his cradle-bed,
Oh, ask not that the light of fame
  May round his path be shed!
Ask not the cup of pleasure,
  Though flowers glow on its brim,
And ask not gold for him thou lovest,
  Rust will its brightness dim!

But ask this boon of Heaven,—
  That in his hour of death,
Where'er in life's wide wilderness
  He yieldeth up his breath,—
Though far from home and kindred
  His last dark couch be spread,—
Sweet memories of a life well spent
  May soothe his dying bed.

THE MOTHER TO HER DEAD CHILD.

I summon thee, oh Memory!
Forth from thy hidden cell;
Clothe with thy warm and life-like hues
The thoughts that swell
Within my bosom with a sudden rush,
As waters from a long-choked fountain gush.

Thy magic wand hath brought to view
The treasures of the past;
Sweet visions float before my eyes,
That cannot last,
Yet seem so like reality to me,
That I would fain believe them thus to be.

And when from that dim, shadowy bourne
The loved and lost appear,
I see a form before me stand,
Oh! more than dear;
The melting eyes, the round and dimpled cheek,
The lips by love's own impulse taught to speak.

The sunny curls, now soiled in dust,
Which clustered round the brow,
Seen through the glass of memory, shine
As brightly now
As when, in days long past, they floated free,
Like golden tendrils from a vine-clasped tree.

All, all are there — the winning smile,
The sweet and touching word
Of "mother," whispered tenderly,
My ear hath heard,
In the still watches of the lonely night,
When living o'er the scenes of past delight.

And I have called upon thy name,
Ellen! my Ellen! oft;
Thy voice is hushed — I hear no more
Its accents soft;
The bud of promise vanished from my eyes,
To bloom a beauteous flower in Paradise.

AUTUMN.

The summer time, with all its wealth of flowers, hath
passed away,
And autumn stealeth gently on, like a long, still Sabbath
day;
The sun looks down as tenderly upon the glowing earth,
As when, in long-past centuries, he smiled upon her
birth.

Yet to my heart the autumn days a chastened sadness
bring,
And feelings born of memory within my bosom spring;
Its hues are like the hopes of earth—alas! as fleeting too;
They vanish from the earth as fade the beautiful and true.

Go forth, thou dreaming one! into the solemn woods
alone,
And tread the forest paths, where thick the withered
leaves are strewn;

And listen to the still, small voice, that speaketh to thy heart —
"Dream not of earth—its brightest hopes shall even thus depart!"

And thou whose soul ambition lures to soar above the world,
Go forth, and view yon lofty tree, its summer glories hurled
Low in the dust by autumn winds; thence comes a warning tone —
"Thus shall fame's glittering visions fade, till thou art left alone!"

Go forth, and stand beside the bed, thou worldly-minded man,
Where once a pure, refreshing stream in sparkling gladness ran;
The burning sun of summer dried the fountain in its source —
Thus are the kind affections seared by passion's withering course.

Ye who so idly throng the way to Pleasure's temple gate,
Go forth; the autumn fields present an emblem of your fate;

Light as the thistle-down that floats with aimless hurry by,
So useless pass ye on through life, and unlamented die.

And ye who wearily along life's narrow by-ways go,
Bending beneath the heavy weight of poverty and woe —
What though your footsteps are denied to tread the lighted hall?
Go forth into the glad sunshine — God's light is free to all!

Spring, summer, autumn, what are they? The fragments of a scroll,
Filled with unwritten teachings, and revealings to the soul;
And blest are they whose hearts are rich in Nature's holy lore,
To whom successive seasons bring a joy unknown before.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR HER FRIEND, MRS. DADE.

Conspicuous in the annals of blood-stained Florida stands the massacre of Major Dade and his whole party, (with the exception of two or three,) by the Seminole Indians. A few months after the event, a gentleman, visiting the spot, found growing upon the grave of that gallant and ill-fated officer a single delicate and wild flower, — its only memorial, — which he carefully preserved, and presented to Mrs. D.

THERE is a spot beneath the light
Of southern skies, so fair, so bright,
That one might deem the shadowing
Of the destroying angel's wing
Had never marred its primal bloom,
Or dashed its sunny skies with gloom.
There, in majestic solitude,
The ancient tenants of the wood
Stand, like tall sentinels around
The precincts of enchanted ground.
Long mossy garlands from on high
Float on the air, like beauty's tresses;

Sweet voices from their leaves reply,
  In whispers, to the wind's caresses.
Amid the cool, deep forest-shades,
And through the tangled everglades,
No human voice, no sound is heard,
Save joyous carols of the bird;
None seen, save when the startled fawn
Bounds lightly o'er the woodland lawn:
Yet there, amid that peaceful scene,
Hath Azrael's fearful presence been;
And there the broad magnolias wave
Like banners o'er a soldier's grave.

One summer morn a gallant band,
  With glittering sword and dancing plume,
From their loved homes in that fair land,
  Went forth to meet their doom.
Each noble heart with hope beat high,
As, sworn to conquer or to die,
    They dreamed of victory;
Still onward as their chieftain led,
From flowers crushed by their heavy tread,
A cloud of richest fragrance rose —
So from the bruised affections flows
    Love's stream more deep and free.

Ah! thought they then of life's sweet ties,
  So soon like broken flowers to perish?
Of forms no more to bless the eyes,
  Which, far away, in fondness cherish
Bright visions of an hour to come;
When love's warm greeting, "Welcome home!"
Shall fall upon the soldier's ear,
Like music of another sphere?

Hark! from the forest depths a shout,
Wild and prolonged, rings fiercely out,
As if the souls whom Eblis keeps,
Bound in unfathomable deeps,
Had broken from their fiery chain,
And sought this upper world again,
To pour on all who crossed their path
The vials of eternal wrath!
Again! again! — those savage yells
  Peal from an unseen, treacherous foe;
While every swift-winged arrow tells
  A warrior lieth low.
Oh! 't was a spirit-withering sight,
To see, beneath the holy light
Of bright noon-day, those fearless men,
  In the warm tide of hope and life,

Helpless, unwarned, fall suddenly,
  Struck down in that unequal strife!

When the soft shades of evening fell,
  And the pale stars came forth,
Each like a watchful sentinel,
  O'er the repose of earth,
The din of war had passed away,
And there, upon the green sward, lay
The young, the noble, and the brave,
  Unburied and unwept;
The drooping boughs sad music gave,
  As the low night-wind swept
The forest with a dirge-like moan —
Dying and dead were left alone!

Their gallant leader slumbers well,
Where, foremost in the fight, he fell;
Light on his bosom lies the sod,
Once darkly crimsoned with his blood;
And o'er him the magnolia weaves,
With snowy flowers and verdant leaves,
A chaplet, spotless as his fame,
And green as memory of his name.

No slab nor pillar marks the spot
  Where the hero's dust is sleeping,
Yet a whole nation in their hearts
  The memory of his fate is keeping,
And Fame's high scroll the record bears,
Inscribed in blood, embalmed in tears.

The summer showers have washed away
  Foot-prints and sanguine stain;
But that green mound of hallowed ground
  Shall undisturbed remain,
Till the last trumpet call shall break
  Death's fetters with its piercing sound,
And shouts of victory awake
  The warrior from his rest profound,
And the great Conqueror's banner wave
Triumphant o'er the boasting grave.

When many a summer sun had shone
Upon that grave, so still and lone —
When many an eve its dews had shed
Upon the soldier's lowly bed —
There sprung a fairer, lovelier flower
Than ever bloomed in beauty's bower;

So pale, so pure, it seemed a token —
  A flower of memory — fraught
With hope to her whose heart was broken,
  When that dark doom was wrought.
It breathes of love beyond the tomb;
  And oft, in after years,
That grave-born floweret's faint perfume
  Shall dry the mourner's tears,
And cheer her lonely onward way,
  With thoughts of that bright, glorious home,
Where every tear is wiped away,
  And death, the spoiler, cannot come.

PRAYER FOR AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

FATHER in heaven!
Behold, he whom I love is daily treading
The path of life, in heaviness of soul;
With the thick darkness now around him spreading,
He long hath striven —
Oh Thou most kind! break not the golden bowl!

Father in heaven!
Thou who so oft hast healed the broken-hearted,
And raised the weary spirit bowed with care —
Let him not say his joy hath all departed;
Lest he be driven
Down to the deep abyss of dark despair!

Father in heaven!
Oh! grant to his most cherished hopes a blessing,
Let peace and rest descend upon his head;
That his torn heart, thy holy love possessing,
May not be riven,
Let guardian angels watch his lonely bed!

Father in heaven!
Oh! may his heart be stayed on thee — each feeling
Still lifted up in gratitude and love;
And may that faith the joys of heaven revealing
To him be given,
Till he shall praise thy name in realms above!

A DIRGE FOR THE EARLY DEAD.

Gone from the earth!
In the bright morn of life thou hast departed,
Oh! early gathered to thy dreamless rest!
Gone, ere the clouds of care had darkened o'er thee,
Of all that made life beautiful possest.
Gone, ere the freshness of the wreath had faded,
Which rested lightly on thy youthful brow;
When at the altar thy heart's vows were plighted
To him who, deeply-stricken, mourns thee now.

Gone from the earth!
In the sweet time of spring, when Nature weareth
Her robes of loveliness, and cloudless skies
Bend o'er the fresh, green earth, where flowers are blooming,
And tones of thrilling melody arise.
From all the fond ties which, around thee clinging,
Fettered thy deathless spirit to the clay,
From the beloved, and from the deeply loving,
Oh! early summoned! thou hast passed away.

Gone from the earth!
Yet not alone from light and joy and gladness;
Are there no shadows o'er the spirit cast?
No mocking dreams, no cherished visions blighted —
No deeply haunting memories of the past?
Thou shalt not see thy bright hopes fade and perish,
Nor mourn in bitterness o'er sundered ties;
No more shalt thou in mortal suffering languish,
No more shall tears of sorrow dim thine eyes.

Gone from the earth!
But not alone to solitude and darkness —
Their boasted empire is but o'er the dust,
And not forever; for the grave but keepeth
What we have garnered there, in solemn trust.
Calm be thy slumbers in that noiseless dwelling,
And sweet thy rest from weariness and pain;
And blest thy waking, when the last glad summons
Shall bid thee rise to life and youth again!

Gone from the earth!
From doubt and dimness, to the full fruition
Of hope, and joy, and love, to that bright land
Whose waters fail not, and whose flowers are fadeless,
Thy shining brow by heavenly breezes fanned.

And oh, blest spirit! from thy home in glory,
  Come with an angel's ministry to those
Whose lot is still to weep, and, weeping, wander,
  With footsteps weary, longing for repose!

Gone from the earth!
And oh! how desolate seems life without thee,
  To those o'er whom thy smiles of love were thrown
Like rays of blessed sunlight; dark and dreary
  Seemeth their home — its light and joy are flown!
Gone from the earth! but we would not recall thee,
  To tread the path thou hast already trod;
'T is ours to weep — yet joyfully we leave thee,
  Oh, ransomed one! forever with thy God.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

I STOOD within a lighted hall,
And heard the words of gladness fall
From many lips; the young and fair,
A kindred group, held revel there:
The future cast no gloomy hue
O'er hearts, the trusting and the true;
Before them life unclouded lay,
And Hope led on, with cheering ray,
In the by-gone Christmas time.

And where is now that happy band?
Oh! two are in a distant land —
They breathe the balmy southern air,
Where flowers are blooming, sweet and rare;
Yet are their spirits sad and lone —
They hear not now each voice well known
Of home, loved home — they ne'er shall see
That home as it was wont to be,
In the social Christmas time.

And two are resting in the grave ;
The winds of winter o'er them rave ;
Unheard the wild storm rushes past,
Unfelt is sorrow's piercing blast ;
Cold is each once warm, faithful heart,
Which could so much of joy impart
To those who met around the hearth,
Where all was happiness and mirth,
In the cheerful Christmas time.

One in the high career of fame
Hath vowed to die, or win a name ;
The light of hope is in his eye,
His spirit whispers triumph nigh ;
Yet though Ambition's goal be won,
And Pleasure's brightest circle run,
In after years he will regret
His early home — the friends he met
In the joyous Christmas time.

And one, — whene'er I think of him,
My eyes with burning tears are dim ;
He was the youngest, favorite child,
And many a lonely hour beguiled

With laugh and jest — yet now he stands
Upon his own ancestral lands,
Alone — alone — for gone are all
Who met within that festive hall,
In the merry Christmas time!

Alas! alas! that this should be
Of loving hearts the history;
Hearts bound by ties of early years,
By mutual hopes, and joys, and fears!
The cords are sundered which have bound
Their feet upon the enchanted ground
Of "home, sweet home" — and nought again
Can reünite that broken chain,
In the coming Christmas time.

FRAGMENT.

PLANT not the cypress o'er my grave,
When I am dead;
But let the fragrant sweet-briar wave
Above my head.

I could not sleep beneath the gloom
Of yew-tree shade;
Then let the sweetest wild-flower bloom
Where I am laid.

And let the pleasant sunlight fall
Upon my bed,
And the fresh dews of evening all
Their pure drops shed.

And, when the stars look from the sky,
Come where I rest;
There kneel, and lift thine heart on high,
That I am blest.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
  A day for solemn thought;
A day in which my lonely heart
  Is with sad memories fraught,
Of all I loved and cherished
  In birth-days long ago,
Before the golden web of life
  Was darkly stained by woe.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
  It cometh in the spring,
When, bride-like, earth is decked with flowers,
  And wild birds sweetly sing.
But life's sweet early spring-time
  Returneth never more;
Its flowers are withered on my path,
  Its melodies are o'er.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
  Oh! how unlike the time
When on my ear my mother's voice
  Fell, like a silver chime,
In Love's own gentle cadence! —
  Alas! Affection's lute
Hath shattered chords, and broken strings —
  Its thrilling tones are mute!

My birth-day! my birth-day!
  When I was but a child,
The future lay before me, filled
  With visions warm and wild;
And womanhood I fancied
  An enviable state,
Nor dreamed that coming years would prove
  A spirit-bowing weight.

My birth-day! my birth-day!
  With joy I hail it now;
Although Time's footprints, as he goes,
  Are left upon my brow:
Like a messenger it cometh
  With greetings from afar,
As I draw nearer to the home
  Where my best treasures are.

THE DYING BUFFALO.

FROM A PICTURE IN "CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY."

Loud thundering o'er the level plain,
Maddened with terror, rage, and pain,
Swift flies the wounded buffalo,
Nerved by death's agonizing throe!
His fierce pursuers left behind,
He strives some safe retreat to find.
Wildly his shaggy mane he tosses,
High his head is reared,
Now the roaring stream he crosses,
Now the herd is neared;
Deep, furious bellowings rend the air,
Speaking his anguish and despair.
The arrow in his bleeding side,
And nostril raised, distended wide —
His foaming mouth and blood-shot eyes,
Show that his race is o'er;
Slowly — more slowly still, he flies,
Again — one effort more —

With frantic bound, he forward springs,
And high his giant head he flings —
Then backward falls, with fearful shock,
  As if some mighty hand
From its firm base had torn a rock,
  And dashed it on the strand.

INVITATION TO PRAYER-MEETING.

Come to the house of prayer!
A band is gathering here,
To spend an hour with God, in deep devotion;
Now, while the first pale star
Shines from the West afar,
Come! seek a blest relief from Day's commotion.

Come to the house of prayer!
Ye who, with toil and care,
Are heaping to yourselves a shining treasure;
Your hoarded glittering dust
The breath of time will rust—
Seek here the wealth that yields a lasting pleasure.

Come to the house of prayer!
Ye who in dark despair
Are treading life's dim path in tears and sadness;
Here shall the mourner find
Peace for a troubled mind,
And for a wounded heart the oil of gladness.

Come to the house of prayer!
Ye to whom earth is fair,
And ye who Heaven's free bounty are possessing;
Oh! lift your thoughts above,
In gratitude and love,
To Him who fills your cup with every blessing.

Come to the house of prayer!
Our God is present here,
Freely he giveth, and upbraideth never;
Ye hungry souls, draw near—
The bread of life is here—
Ye thirsty, drink, and thirst no more forever!

Come to the house of prayer!
And the rich blessings share,
Which to the followers of the Lamb are given;
Come, needy, poor, and weak,
The great Physician seek,
With humble faith, knock at the gate of heaven.

A DREAM OF THE LONELY ISLE.

There is an isle in the far south sea,
Sunny and bright as an isle can be;
Sweet is the sound of the ocean wave,
As its tiny ripples the green shores lave,
And from the shell that upon the strand
Lies half buried in golden sand
A thrilling tone on the still air rings,
Like music trembling on fairy strings.
Flowers like those which the Peris find
In the bowers of their Paradise, and bind
In their flowing tresses, are blooming there,
And gay birds glance in the scented air.
Gems and pearls are strewed on the earth,
Untouched — there are none to know their worth;
And that green island Death comes not nigh;
Why should he come? — there are none to die.

My heart had grown like the misanthrope's,
Cold and dead to all human hopes;

Fame and fortune alike had proved
Baseless dreams, and the friends I loved
Vanished away, like the flowers that fade
In the deadly blight of the Upas shade.
I longed on that lonely isle to be,
Far away o'er the sounding sea,
Where no human voice, with its words of pain,
Could ever fall on my ear again.
I laid me down, and prayed, the while,
That my spirit might rest in that lonely isle.

Away, away, o'er the waters blue,
Light as a sea-bird, our vessel flew;
Deep ocean furrows her timbers plough,
As the waves are parted before her prow,
And the foaming billows close o'er her path,
Hissing and roaring, as if in wrath.
To the lonely island she steers her way,
Swiftly onward, through foam and spray;
The heavens above wore their brightest smile,
As the bark was moored by that fair green isle.
The sails were furled, and the voyage was o'er,
I should buffet the waves of the world no more;
I looked to the ocean, the bark was gone —
I stood on that beautiful isle alone!

My wish was granted, and I was blest,
For my spirit revelled in perfect rest;
A Dead-Sea calm — even thought reposed,
Like a weary bird with its pinions closed.
Beauty was round me; — bright roses hung
Their blushing wreaths o'er my head, and flung
Fragrance abroad on the air, to me
Sweeter than odors of Araby.
Wealth was mine, for the yellow gold
Lay before me in heaps untold;
And no strong hand from my sight could tear
The glittering gems which were scattered there.
Death to that island knew not the way,
But life was mine forever and aye,
Till Love again made my heart his throne,
And I ceased to live on the isle *alone*.

Long did my footsteps delighted range
My peaceful isle, — but there came a change;
My heart grew sad, and I looked with pain
On all I had bartered life's ties to gain.
A chilling weight on my spirits fell,
As the low, soft wail of the ocean shell,
Or the bees' faint hum in the flowery wood
Was all that broke on my solitude.

Oh, then I felt, in my loneliness,
That earth hath no power the heart to bless,
Uncheered, unwarmed by Affection's ray;
And Hope lay withered, as, day by day,
I watched for the bark, but in vain — in vain —
She never sought that green isle again.

I stretched my arms o'er the heaving sea,
And prayed aloud, in my agony,
That Love's pure spirit might with me dwell;
Then rose the waves, with a murmuring swell,
Higher and higher, till nought was seen,
Where slept in beauty that islet green.
The waters passed o'er me — the spell was broke —
From the dream of the lonely isle I woke,
With a heart redeemed from its selfish stain,
To mingle in scenes of the world again,
With cheerful spirit. I 'd rather share
The joys and sorrows which mortals bear,
Than dwell where no shade on my path is thrown,
'Mid fadeless flowers and bright gems *alone*.

"IT IS I: BE NOT AFRAID."—Mark 6: 50.

MARINER! upon the ocean
  Tossed with wind and wave,
Fear not thou the storm's commotion —
  He is strong to save,
Who to fearful sailors said —
"It is I: be not afraid."

Soul! that long and far hath wandered
  From the narrow way,
And thy precious talents squandered,
  Hear the Saviour say —
Mercy hath thy ransom paid —
"It is I: be not afraid."

Heart! with earthly sorrow broken,
  Yield not to despair;
Hear the words the Lord hath spoken —
  Cast on me thy care,
Here let all thy woes be laid —
"It is I: be not afraid."

Mourner! weep no more, in sadness,
  O'er your loved ones slain;
He can turn your grief to gladness,
  Soothe your keenest pain;
He hath ne'er these words betrayed—
"It is I: be not afraid."

Christian! on thy death-bed lying,
  Dost thou fear the tomb?
Lo! thy God is with thee, dying,
  To dispel the gloom;
He will guide thee who hath said,
"It is I: be not afraid."

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

We are parting — we are parting;
  We are looking, for the last,
Upon each dear familiar face;
  And memories of the past
Are thronging swiftly o'er us,
  Like summer clouds at eve —
Shall our lips speak that last sad word,
  Farewell! — and yet not grieve?

It may not be — each feeling
    Of childhood's happy years
Returns unto our aching hearts,
    And gushes forth in tears.
Back, back into your fountains,
    Ye overflowing streams!
Why come ye thus, to dim our path
    With thoughts of vanished dreams?

The world that lies before us
  Our energies must share;
Gird up the heart — dash off the tear —
  And for the race prepare!
Life, with its ills, awaits us —
  Its sunshine and its showers;
And we must drain the proffered bowl —
  'T is wreathed with thorns and flowers.

We are parting, and in sorrow —
  For we may not meet again;
The future hath no hope, like some
  Green isle upon the main,
Where thought may close her pinions,
  And dream of hours to come,
Blissful and bright as those we passed
  Within our childhood's home.

Our pathways are diverging —
  Our homes lie far apart;
Yet in their freshness let us keep
  The feelings of the heart.
The last word must be spoken —
  Farewell! my early friend;
O! may the richest gifts of Heaven
  Thy steps through life attend!

Farewell! but not forever;
  There is a world where tears
Fall never more, — where parting words
  The spirit never hears.
There may we meet in gladness,
  There may our voices raise,
For farewell sounds and weeping here
  The songs of endless praise.

A VALENTINE.

O, LADY! fair lady, come list to my lay —
The dark winter season is passing away;
The soft gales are sighing o'er valley and plain,
And spring, with its beauties, is coming again.
The fair face of Nature, in vernal array,
Recalls thee to mind, on this Valentine's Day.

The beautiful earth, with its fresh springing flowers,
All gemmed with the diamond drops left by the showers;
The gay birds rejoicing in bower and tree,
The gush of the fountain, the flash of the sea,
As it breaks into foam, and the sky's sunny ray,
All whisper of love, on this Valentine's Day.

Then blame me not, lady, nor deem it in vain,
That my heart should respond to the same joyous strain;
That sunlight, and gladness, and bright hopes, should be
The theme of the song that I offer to thee,
While on the pure shrine of thy beauty I lay
The incense of love, on this Valentine's Day.

Not fairer the flowers, and not brighter the sky,
Than the bloom of thy cheek, and the light of thine eye;
Not purer the hue which the sunbeams disclose
In the delicate heart of the half-opened rose,
Than the tint of thy lip, in its beautiful play,
As it wreathes into smiles, on this Valentine's Day.

And not more serene or unclouded the deep
Of the summer's blue sky, when the winds are asleep,
Than thy brow, where the treasures of feeling and mind
Gleam forth, like rich gems in a casket enshrined;
To thee do the thoughts of my inmost soul stray,
Like a fountain unsealed, on this Valentine's Day.

And oh! if thy bosom e'er thrilled to the tone
Of a lay so devoted, so true, as my own —
Which tenderly, fondly, and ardently flows,
As that which the nightingale sings to the rose —
Oh! let me believe that 't will not pass away,
Like a dream from thy heart, on this Valentine's day!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

It is the hour of evening prayer:
A holy hush is in the air;
Night, with its peaceful silence, brings
A gathering of solemn things, —
Solemn, yet sweet, for now the day,
With all its cares, hath passed away,
Its hours of toil, its scenes of strife,
And all the busy sounds of life.

The hour of prayer and deep repose
Hath fallen on all, — the folded rose —
The violet, with its half-closed eyes —
The infant, as it slumbering lies;
And the worn laborer, by the hearth
Where late were heard the sounds of mirth;
The hour when jarring discords cease,
And all seems universal peace.

The hour of prayer! — how calm and still,
Yet vocal, for there seems to thrill
Through the wide universe a tone,
A strain to mortal tongues unknown;
'T is Nature's voice, and every star
Is hymning, in its sphere afar,
Eternal praise, and the whole earth
Her vesper melody sends forth.

The hour of prayer! — with reverent awe,
My soul, into His presence draw,
Who formed this fair and glorious world,
And o'er it, far and wide, unfurled
A starry banner, radiant, bright,
To cheer the darkness of the night;
Before his footstool humbly fall,
And own him Maker, Lord of all!

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

There is a lonely homestead,
In a green and quiet vale,
With its tall trees sighing mournfully
In every passing gale;
There are many mansions round it,
In the sunlight gleaming fair;
But moss-grown is that ancient roof,
Its walls are gray and bare.

Where once glad voices sounded,
Of children in their mirth,
No whisper breaks the solitude
By that deserted hearth.
The swallow, from her dwelling
In the low eaves, hath flown;
And, all night long, the whip-poor-will
Sings by the threshold stone.

No hand above the window
  Ties up the trailing vines;
While through the broken casement panes
  The moon at midnight shines.
And many a solemn shadow
  Seems starting from the gloom,
Like forms of long-departed ones,
  Peopling that dim old room.

No furrow for the harvest
  Is drawn upon the plains;
And in the pastures, green and fair,
  No flock or herd remains.
Why is that beauteous homestead
  Thus standing bare and lone,
While all the worshipped household gods
  In dust lie overthrown?

And where are they whose voices
  Rang out o'er hill and dale?
Gone — and their mournful history
  Is but an oft-told tale!
There smiles no lovelier valley
  Beneath the summer sun,
Yet they who dwelt together there
  Departed, one by one; —

Some to the quiet churchyard,
  And some beyond the sea,
To meet no more, as once they met,
  Beneath that old roof-tree.
Like forest birds, forsaking
  Their sheltering native nest,
The young to life's wild scenes went forth —
  The aged to their rest.

Fame and ambition lured them
  From that green vale to roam;
But, as their dazzling dreams depart,
  Regretful memories come,
Of the valley and the homestead,
  Of their childhood pure and free,
Till each world-weary spirit yearns
  That spot once more to see.

Oh! blest are they who linger
  'Mid old familiar things,
Where every object o'er their hearts
  A hallowed influence flings;
Though won are wealth and honors,
  Though reached Fame's lofty dome,
There are no joys like those which dwell
  Within our childhood's home.

A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

ONCE more — once more —
O heart! that, like a weary exile, pineth
In the pent city, crowded, yet how lone!
Thou art with Nature, where the glad sun shineth,
And the winds murmur, like the household tone
So loved of yore.

Again the sound
Of Nature's melody each chord is thrilling;
The gush of waters, and the wild bird's song;
And whispers from the forest dim are filling
The air, like voices from a spirit throng,
Low breathing round.

I hear them now —
The long unheard — the unforgotten — calling,
"Come, friend and sister! from the world away!"
I hear them in the summer rain-drops falling,
And in the breezes that so gently play
Across my path.

Not in the home
Of the world's votaries could I hope to meet ye;
Departed ones! ye may not linger where
No holy memories of the long past greet ye;
Ye visit but familiar scenes, and there
Gladly I come.

All things recall
The blessed past, when ye, oh friends! were dwelling
In temples beautiful, and yet how frail;
The mournful past, of death and sorrow telling,
Of youth and beauty gone from earth, as pale
Young flowerets fall.

The things ye loved—
Earth's glorious things—are round me; I am breathing
The fragrant summer air; the deep, blue sky
Is bending o'er me, and bright flowers are wreathing
Bowers, fair as those where we, in days gone by,
Together roved.

In the soft wind
The deep grass heaveth like the sea-green billows,
When o'er its bosom the fresh breezes blow;
And the long branches of the weeping willows
Wave like the tresses upon beauty's brow,
When unconfined.

Ye, too, are here,
Near, yet invisible; my spirit feeleth
Ofttime your presence in the solemn night;
I see ye when nought tangible revealeth
Your forms or features to my longing sight,
Ye lost and dear!

Like the pure drops
Of evening dew on drooping flowers descending,
Ye ministering angels! on my heart
Your influence falls, new strength and courage lending,
Bidding its wild and restless dreams depart —
Bringing new hopes.

I come, I come,
To meet ye, oh beloved! where flowers are blooming,
Fadeless and bright, 'mid ceaseless harmony;
Where the deep azure sky no clouds are glooming,
In the blest land of immortality;
There is our home.

THOU ART FLOWING ON, BRIGHT RIVER.

Thou art flowing on, bright river,
  In gladness, to the sea;
And summer sunbeams quiver
  On thy waters joyously:
The graceful willows bending
  With their shadow o'er thee thrown,
In murmurs sweet are blending
  Their voices with thine own.

Oh! brightly art thou flowing
  Green, sunny banks between;
And many a wild-flower glowing
  Is mirrored in thy sheen;
And barks are gaily gliding
  Upon thy peaceful breast,
Which skilful hands are guiding
  To the haven of their rest.

But ere thou meet'st the ocean
  There are rocks and quicksands deep,
And winds, in wild commotion,
  Will o'er thy bosom sweep;—
And the barks, their sails unfurling
  To the zephyrs' gentle play,
Lost in thy waters whirling,
  Thou wilt bear as wrecks away.

Like thee, the heart beginneth
  Life when all things are fair;
Alas! it seldom winneth
  The goal, untouched by care!
Hope's fairy pinnace, freighted
  With dreams of future joy,
Hastes to the quicksands fated
  Its promise to destroy.

Wrecks of the dreams so cherished
  Are floating darkly by,
Like the gallant ships that perished
  When winds and waves were high;
The flowers that bloomed around it
  The fount now idly choke,
And the sun-bright hopes that bound it
  Are like parted cables broke.

But soon, oh flowing river!
  Though wild thy course may be,
Thou 'lt merge thy waves forever
  In the deep, unbounded sea;
And to the heart is given
  A calm repose at last,
Though sorely it hath striven
  With the billow and the blast.

MAY.

Again thou comest, month of love and roses!
Making thy presence felt through all the earth;
Thy warm, life-giving smile again reposes
On hill and dale; and flowers, which owe their birth
To thy bright ray,
Spring up to greet thee, as thou passest by,
With all the odors of blest Araby —
May, lovely May!

Thou comest, and to earth glad sounds art bringing; —
From the small insect, that, with cheerful hum,
Flits through the sunbeam, to the wild bird singing,
Rejoicing strains of Nature's music come;
And each young spray,
Which thou hast clothed in dew-gemmed robes of green,
Bows with a courtier's grace before his queen,
May, merry May!

The azure sky, o'er which no cloud is stealing,
  Grows more intensely azure, like the eyes
Which meet from other eyes a look revealing
  Unspoken volumes of deep sympathies;
        And blest are they —
The young, pure-hearted, beautiful and true —
Whose hearts are tinged with thine and love's own hue,
        May, happy May!

Alas! for those to whom thy presence bringeth
  No quickened pulse, no heart-throb of delight;
Who loathe thy brightness, while the fond thought wingeth
  To distant scenes its free and airy flight,
        Far, far away;
Perchance to linger where the marble tells
Of friends who slumber in earth's silent cells —
        May, sunny May!

Upon the dust of those who sleep thus lowly,
  Thy smile, sweet May, hath no reviving power;
But round the living shed thy influence holy,
  And cheer the heart, which, like a storm-crushed flower,

Smiles in beauty,
With beams of hope, and dews of heavenly love,
And brightly on despair's dark waters move,
May, gentle May!

We welcome thee with unfeigned smiles of gladness—
May, loveliest daughter of the circling year!
Life's sweetest cup is ever dashed with sadness—
Lo! while we speak thou 'rt drooping to thy bier!
"Passing away,"
Like all that 's earthly—lingering but to show
That unmixed happiness dwells not below—
May, fleeting May!

SONNET.

Moon of the summer night! thou art to me
  The lamp of memory lighting up the past; —
  The clouds of care, by day around me cast,
Are vanished now, and once again I see
My native hills beneath thy soft light sleeping —
  The sparkling stream that murmurs by the door,
Where kindred eyes a lonely watch are keeping,
  For those whom they, alas! shall see no more.
  From that sweet sheltered spot, far, far away,
A thousand prayers from fond hearts seem to greet me;
  While gazing on thy orb, in every ray,
Affection's glances, sent from bright eyes, meet me;
'T is but a dream — that passing cloud the token —
Moon of the summer night! the spell is broken!

TO A DEAR FRIEND.

Within my heart, as in an urn,
The past is hidden;
And memory, like the Phœnix, springs
To life unbidden,
From the pale ashes it contains!
And thought reposes
Upon life's spring-time, when my path
Was strewed with roses;
When light and music in thy voice
And smiles did blend;
My spirit feels their influence yet,
My early friend!

DEATH OF GOLIATH.

The Philistines gathered in battle array,
And fast by their weapons the Israelites lay;
Like clouds were the hosts on the mountain tops seen,
And there lay the green valley of Elah between.

Why waiteth the battle, why stayeth the sword?
Hath Israel no trust in the arm of the Lord?
And where is their leader?—hath Saul been dismayed?
Are the mighty of valor and warriors afraid?

Ho! Israelites, ho! from the Philistine's tent,
To challenge your bravest, a champion is sent!
Ah! who will contend with Goliath of Gath,
A giant in stature—a demon in wrath?

In helmet of brass, and linked armor, he came,
And stout hearts grew faint at the sound of his name;
And Israel trembled, as loud he defied
The armies of God, in his boasting and pride.

Hath Israel no champion to fight for the Lord —
To smite the bold vaunter with spear and with sword?
None, none — for his terror hath fallen on all,
And fear lies like rust on the heart of King Saul!

Lo! who is yon stripling from Bethlehem's plain?
Immanuel's anointed — he comes not in vain;
"Stand forth, thou proud boaster, in breastplate and sword!
I come unto thee, in the name of the Lord!"

Then laughed the Philistine, in anger and scorn —
"Go! weep and bewail for the day thou wast born;
For thy flesh will I give to the fowls of the air,
And wild beasts of prey shall thy dainty limbs tear!"

In fury he rose; but the shepherd-boy took
His staff in his hand, and a stone from the brook;
"With these will I conquer, and Israel shall know
The Lord of Hosts fights with his armies below."

As the thunderbolt falls on the quivering oak,
So sure was the aim, and so deadly the stroke;
For scarce did the pebble the yielding string pass,
Ere it cleft to the brain, through the helmet of brass.

The champion is slain, and the Philistines fly,
Like clouds from the face of the tempest-swept sky;
The valley of Ekron is filled with their dead,
And its stream with the blood of the wounded runs red.

Praise, praise to the Lord! Oh, ye Israelites, sing!
And praise to the valor of David, your king!
For he must prevail o'er the spear and the sword,
Who fights with the Spirit and arm of the Lord.

HOME.

Oh! beautiful art thou, my early home,
As fancy's vision round some dreamer cast;
To thy dear hallowed scenes once more I come,
To muse on all I loved in days long past.

I see thee, now, in all the pomp and pride
Of Summer's gorgeous livery arrayed;
The shadowy groves, the green fields spreading wide,
Rich with the harvest's promised store displayed.

There 's spirit-music in the waving trees,
Planted by hermit hands around the door,
Still haunted by the murmuring honey-bees,
And lovely still as in the days of yore.

Oh home! loved home! whate'er may be my lot,
Deep in my heart of hearts, where'er I roam,
Thy memory still shall live, the greenest spot
In all life's desert waste, my early home!

THE FIRST DAY OF SUMMER.

Thou 'rt come, oh, lovely Summer! I feel thee in the breeze,
That, warm and fragrant, from the South, is whispering through the trees;
I see thee in the varied hues of thickly springing flowers,
I hear thee in the song of birds among their leafy bowers!

I welcome thee, sweet Summer! I welcome thee again
To the garden and the hill-side, the valley and the plain;
The wintry feelings of the heart yield to thy magic sway,
As ice-bound waters at thy call burst from their chains away.

How wondrous and how beautiful are all the works of God,
From the tall pine to the smallest flower that springeth from the sod!
The winter storms and clouds show forth his terror from above,
But thou, oh, lovely Summer-time! thou tellest of his love!

Pass on thy way o'er all the earth, and visit every land,
To show the goodness and the power of an Almighty
hand,
Which o'er the thorny path of life in mercy streweth
flowers,
And with bright rays of sunshine gilds the pilgrim's
darkest hours!

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

Thou art gone, oh, glorious Summer! with thy sunshine and bright flowers,
Thou hast left the hearts that loved thee, with thy merry, laughing hours;
The pleasant sounds that dwelt with thee will soon be heard no more,
And the sky wears not as bright a blue as yesterday it wore.

Thou hast not met a lingering fate, like some consumptive one,
Nor seen thy beauties all decay before thy race was run;
The leaves are still almost as fresh as in their early prime,
Yet thou hast passed away from earth, oh, lovely Summer-time!

The glossy maple-leaves begin to wear a tint of brown,
And, now and then, a dying one comes slowly sailing down;
But thou art fled, — thou wilt not see thy loved ones all decay;
O! thou hast faded gloriously, sweet Summer's latest day!

THE GRAY HEART.

The flowers—the myriad flowers of earth
  Are blooming round me now,
And Summer's soft and fragrant gales
  Pass sweetly o'er my brow;
Yet as of yore no gush of joy
  Awakes within my heart,
For in the glorious summer-time
  My spirit hath no part.

A sound of melody goes up
  From every forest bird,
And music from the greenwood boughs,
  By gentle breezes stirred;
A thousand tones from hill and dale
  Swell high the choral strain,
But unto joyous sounds my soul
  Respondeth not again.

For wildly o'er my life hath swept
  The withering storm of care;
Each fount is sealed, each flower is seared,
  And set in deep despair
Each star of hope that brightly beamed
  Upon its opening day;
No more for me spring roses bloom,
  Or summer breezes play!

The fount of joy, once deep and strong,
  Hath not been chilled by time;
Life's frost hath not yet touched its flowers —
  My years are in their prime;
My footsteps falter not with age,
  Along their weary way —
Unsilvered are my raven locks,
  But, oh! *my heart is gray!*

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

WRITTEN IN FLORIDA.

Oh! is not this, my mother dear,
  The land of blooming flowers?
Where nightingales sing, all night long,
  Among green orange bowers?
And is not this the sunny land
  Where we are dwelling now?
The sky is cloudless, — tell me why
  A cloud is on your brow?

O yes! my child, the land is bright
  With flowers of every hue;
The sky sheds down a golden light, —
  'T is beautiful to you.
There 's music in the wild-wood bowers,
  There 's fragrance on the air;
But oh! for me, far, far away,
  There is a land more fair!

Dear mother! here are streams as bright
  As those you loved before;
And many a noble forest tree
  Grows close beside the door.
And when the evening shadows fall,
  How pleasant 't is to hear
The soft winds sighing through their tops—
  Oh! mother, why that tear?

My child! my child! I would not check
  Thy young life's joyous flow;
But yet no other home on earth
  My heart can ever know,
So purely, deeply loved, as that
  Beside the mountain stream;
Its memory haunts me evermore,
  A long-remembered dream!

But, mother, see! your children dear
  Are nestling by your side,
And I have often heard you say
  They were your joy and pride;
Then smile once more as you were wont,
  And speak kind words to me,
For where your dearest treasures are
  Your heart should surely be.

Yes, precious child! I would not give
  One curling lock of thine,
For all the gold Golconda yields,
  Nor gems from India's mine.
But still my heart is sorrowful,
  For, oh! I long to see
The spot where my own mother pines
  In loneliness for me!

Now do I know, my mother dear,
  Why thus you sigh and weep;
And why, of scenes far, far away,
  You murmur in your sleep.
But dry your tears, for God will keep
  The friends you love so well,
And bring us all with Him, at last,
  In heaven above, to dwell.

And thus that child and mother hold
  Communion, day by day;
And thus God strengthens her to bear
  Life's weary onward way.
From the deep anguish of a heart
  That mourns for riven ties,
She turns to that blest home above,
  A dwelling in the skies!

ON SOME WITHERED FLOWERS.

These faded flowers — these faded flowers —
Once bloomed within my native bowers,
And shed their choicest perfume round
The walks of home's sweet garden-ground.
I would not change one withered leaf,
For all the blossoms, gay and brief,
That ever grew beneath the sky
Of far-famed, sunny Italy.

INDIAN LEGEND OF A SPRING IN FLORIDA.

A BALLAD.

'T was midnight! Suwannee [illegible]
Murmuring so [illegible]
Numberless stars on its [illegible]
Sparkling so [illegible]

Far in the west was the [illegible]
Slowly [illegible]—
The shadowy [illegible]
Fitfully [illegible]

Echoes awoke [illegible]
Mourn[illegible]
Each lonely [illegible]
[illegible]

From an old [illegible]
Over [illegible]
And from the [illegible]
[illegible]

When, high on a rock, at whose base was the flood
Flowing so mildly,
With hands clasped in anguish, a dark maiden stood,
Weeping so wildly.

On the cold night-wind her raven-black hair
Loosely was streaming,
And from her eyes the fierce light of despair
Was luridly gleaming.

Why has she wandered so far from her bower,
Star-guided only,
Through the dim forest, at midnight's deep hour,
Silent and lonely?

Sad was the story; — a warrior had wooed,
And for his bride won her;
Other bright eyes to his fickle heart sued —
Love had undone her!

Gone was the moonlight — o'er forest and wave
Shadows fell darkly; —
Where was the maiden? Deep, deep in her grave,
Lying so starkly!

Up rose the sun, and a young hunter came,
With cross-bow and quiver,
And light-bounding step, to the brink of the same
High rock of the river.

Why is the light in his eagle-eye quenched,
As if life was retreating?
Why is his heart, which from fear never blenched,
Stilled in its beating?

There lay the curlew-plume Luhla had worn —
His own love-token;
And Love's wild-flower, from its slender stalk torn,
Trampled and broken!

There lay a tress of her glossy black hair,
Braided so fairly;
And a delicate sandal, that Luhla, with care,
Had broidered so rarely!

Well did he know that his falsehood had wrought
Death to the maiden;
With keenest remorse at the terrible thought,
His heart was o'erladen.

Long was the wigwam-fire kindled for him —
Home came he never!
His fate in the depths of the wilderness dim
Hidden forever!

But when, dark and lonely, the next midnight fell,
A chasm was riven —
A fountain gushed forth, and a mystical spell
To its waters was given.

The heartless deceiver that spring's rocky brink
Evermore shunneth,
Lest he gaze on the eyes, as he stoopeth to drink, —
(So the tale runneth,) —

Of her he hath wronged; for, 't is said, at noon-day,
Silvery gleaming,
In the depths of the fountain, are stars, like the ray
Of bright eyes beaming.

And there, as the maiden, with innocent heart,
Filleth her pitcher,
Trembling, she prayeth that Love, with his art,
May not bewitch her.

Long, in the fate of the lost Seminole
And her false lover,
May maidens and swains, where Suwannee's waves roll,
A warning discover!

FIRE IN THE FOREST.

Those who have never witnessed the conflagrations which occur in the vast pine forests of Florida, can form but a faint idea of the sublime and terrible grandeur of the scene.

A SOUND on the stillness of evening breaks,
So deep that the heart of the forest quakes!
Nearer and nearer — more near it comes,
Like the muffled roll of a thousand drums —
Like the summer-storm, in its mighty wrath,
When it sweeps along on the whirlwind's path;
But 't is not the tempest; for lo! on high,
The stars look forth from a clear blue sky.

Ho! fire in the forest! How fierce and bright
Burst the red flames on the dazzled sight,
Rushing and roaring with fearful power,
Spreading and glowing, as if the hour —
The awful hour of earth's final doom,
"Burned up with fire," had already come!

Wildly, more wildly, the flames leap out,
Twining the trunks of tall trees about

With sparkling garlands of living fire;
Upward, still upward, the flames aspire,
Clasping each limb in a close embrace,
Leaving of verdure no sign or trace.
Onward it flies o'er the level ground,
Circling the emigrant's cottage round;
Breaking the rest of the care-worn man
Who has toiled and labored, since day began, —
Ay! for long months, — with a sweating brow,
To gain a shelter — where is it now?
Shrieking they fly while with life they may —
Weeping they bend, at the dawn of day,
Where smoking ashes alone remain
Of their earthly all — and their household fane.

Fire in the forest! And leagues away
Rolls the hot tide with resistless sway,
Scorching, and withering, and blasting all,
From the smallest leaf to the pine-tree tall;
Leagues away, o'er the level land,
Scorning the strength of a human hand,
To quench the flames in their mad career —
Searing until there is nought to sear;
Leaving behind but a blackened waste,
To tell where the fire in its fury passed.

APOSTROPHE TO THE FALLING PINES.

WRITTEN IN FLORIDA.

Pines! ancient pines, with your whispering leaves!
I look on ye, and my spirit grieves;
Ye are passing away as the red men passed,
Who dwelt where your branches their shadows cast.

Ye are falling, old pines! by a mighty foe,
One after one, are your forms laid low;
Ye, who an hundred years have stood,
In pride and strength, in the good green-wood!

Ye did not quail from the lightning's flash,
Nor bow your heads at the thunder-crash!
Though the heart of the monarch oak was riven,
Still your green boughs waved in the summer heaven.

Ye did not wither when Winter's blast,
With fearful power, through your branches passed!
Though flower and shrub in decay was seen,
Still did ye flourish — the evergreen!

And pleasant music ye 've made, old trees!
When your leaves were stirred by the sweet south
breeze;
And your solemn anthems swelled loud and high,
When the wings of the summer storm swept by.

And many a tale ye could tell of those
Who dwelt where the broad Suwannee flows —
Of the Indian lover and dark-eyed maid,
Who in summer eve on its green banks strayed.

Ye could tell of many a deed of blood —
Of the cold ash-heap where the wigwam stood,
Of murdered children, and heart-wrung sires,
When the light was quenched of their household fires.

And ye could point where the slaughtered braves
Are slumbering now, in their nameless graves;
Why should ye linger, old pines! when they
Have passed from the land of their birth away?

Exult no more in your towering might,
For the arm is strong, and the steel is bright!
Ring out once more in a parting knell,
And then give place that the strong may dwell!

TO MY HUSBAND.

WRITTEN DURING A PERIOD OF ILLNESS.

HUSBAND! thy name awoke my earliest lay,
And know, while boding fears my soul o'ercast,
Thy name shall still inspire — perchance the last;
For earthly love holds yet a powerful sway
Within my heart; and while of thee I speak,
Tears fill my eyes, and tremble on my cheek.

No common tie hath bound us, oh beloved!
No sordid golden bonds, whose glittering show
So oft conceals a breaking heart below;
But love, that, in Misfortune's furnace proved,
Grows purer, brighter, until, all refined,
Small trace of Passion's dross remains behind.

Thou may'st have deemed me cold, when deep within
There sprung a fount of gushing tenderness
So full, so overflowing, that to bless
Thy bosom with one ray of joy, or win
A smile — a look — a word of love from thee,
Were worth whole years of happiness to me!

Deep waters flow serenely, and the brow
  Is oft most calm and placid o'er a heart
  Whose love is fathomless. Can words impart
The soul's impassioned impulses, which flow
Like a still deepening current to the sea?—
Thus do my thoughts flow out, beloved, to thee!

Though years have passed since, with my hand in thine,
  I stood before the altar as thy bride,
  Still have I clung more closely to thy side,
Rejoicing in thy love; and, like the vine,
Which time but weds more closely to the tree,
Has my fond spirit, dearest, clung to thee!

LETTER-WRITING.

He bids me write — he says my words
  Have power to soothe each troubled thought,
Like that composing draught of old
  From Love's Elysian fountain brought.

He says my letters bring to him
  The bright realities of truth;
He thinks that in my heart still dwells
  The buoyant happiness of youth.

He says Hope's cheering beacon-light
  They on the gloomy future cast; —
He knows not that my heart is sad,
  And hope is borrowed from the past.

He has gone forth to take his place
  Among the gifted sons of earth,
Where he will win a glorious name,
  More lofty than the pride of birth.

But wakeful nights and weary days
  Must leave their shadows on his brow,
Before he gains the wished-for height
  For which he toils and struggles now.

And he will need Love's soothing words
  To cheer him in his upward flight —
I will arouse my lonely heart,
  Although it is so sad to-night!

I 'll tell him that, amid the wrecks
  That life's wild waves around him fling,
There 's yet one sunny resting-place,
  Where Hope's sweet dove may fold her wing.

He shall not know the bitter tears
  I shed when I am all alone;
Gladly my joys with him I 'll share —
  My sorrows shall be mine alone.

He shall not know the vigils lone
  I keep within the silent night;
No! to my loved one, far away,
  Of hope and happiness I 'll write.

TO THE INFANT OF A FRIEND.

Baby! little stranger-guest,
On thy mother's gentle breast,
Unto thee I fain would sing
One glad strain of welcoming
To a world both good and fair —
To a life of pleasures rare —
To a mother's sweet caressing —
To a father's heartfelt blessing —
Unto all that thine *may* be,
Baby! I would welcome thee!

Fortune, little child of earth!
Smiled benignly on thy birth;
Grace and beauty are thy dower,
Herited from parent flower.
Beautiful! Ah! well I deem
Thou art fair as poet's dream;
Faultless form, and dove-like eyes,
Where the spirit's mysteries

Slumber in their depths serene;
Chiselled brow, and cheek I ween
Softer than the cygnet's down;
Silken hair, of glossy brown,
And a lip might lure a fay
Earthward from its home to stray.
Beautiful I know thou art,
Treasure of thy parent's heart!

Baby! if my prayer for thee
Registered in heaven could be,
Not one sigh for joy delayed,
Not one pang for trust betrayed,
Not one hour of earthly woe,
Care or sorrow, should'st thou know.
But to change man's common lot
Fondest prayer availeth not;
And the path of life hath still
Mingled scenes of good and ill.
May'st thou tread it, strong of heart,
Well and nobly act thy part,
Bravely striving for the right,
Guided by a heavenly light.

Baby! I would fain behold thee,
Closely to my bosom fold thee;

Kiss thy little dimpled cheek,
Words of soft caressing speak;
But I may not — and my lay
When thou read'st, some future day,
It may seem an idle thing
That a stranger thus should sing.
Now my blessing, baby, take
For the gentle mother's sake,
Who will watch and guard thee well,
With Love's pure and holy spell.
May the rays of truth Divine
Ever round thy pathway shine,
And thy days glide smoothly on
Till a blissful good be won; —
Farewell, baby! I have done.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

Often I pause, within our chamber lonely,
  And feel as if thy presence lingered there;
Alas! I gaze upon mementoes only,
  And then I kneel, and breathe the fervent prayer
That Heaven, in sweet compassion, may restore me
  Unto thine arms again. No cheering ray
Shines on my path; the world is dark before me,
  Sunless and cold, when thou art far away.

And oft, in sleep, upon my restless pillow,
  At midnight's hour, when all is hushed and still,
I fly to thee, across the foaming billow,
  And dreams of pure delight my slumbers fill;
For thou art with me, and my fond arms fold thee
  Close to my beating bosom, ne'er to part:
I wake, but not, beloved! to behold thee,
  And to my eyes the tears unbidden start!

LAKE LONA.

The traveller in East Florida will be struck with the number and singular beauty of the lakes, which gleam out like silver mirrors from the dark forests that surround them. The small, but exquisite sheet of water, which, though not claiming the honor of discovering, I christened Lake Lona, lies near the little village of Alligator; and none can pass without pausing to admire it.

LAKE Lona lies where sunny skies
  Their softest radiance shed
On its placid breast, as it lies at rest,
  Deep in its green-wood bed;
And the forest weaves, with its whispering leaves,
  A green bower overhead.
It stretches north, it stretches south,
  A league or more, I ween,
And yet, no trace of human life
  Upon its banks is seen.
No pillared dome, or stately tower,
Nor castle hall, nor lady's bower,
  Are mirrored in its sheen;
No cheerful cottage-hearth sends up
  Its smoke-wreath curling high;

No temple rears its slender spire,
  Still pointing to the sky:
But solitude, unbroken, deep,
Broods o'er Lake Lona's peaceful sleep!

The red-deer to its grassy brink
Leadeth her trembling fawn to drink,
For there no baying hound she hears,
Nor hunter's deadly arrow fears;
The wild-duck plumes his glossy wing,
  And proudly sails away
To the shelving bank where the osiers rank
  Conceal his destined prey;
And the yellow bream, like golden gleams,
  Through its limpid waters play.

No echoes wake by Lona's Lake,
  No ripple seeks the shore;
When tempests sweep through the forests deep,
  They pass its bosom o'er;
For the willows droop, and the old oaks stoop,
  With their giant arms flung wide,
As if from the wing of the fierce storm-king
  Their cradled charge to hide.

No lake, more purely bright, beneath
  Floridia's sky of blue,
Spreads its fair bosom to the light,
  Or drinks the evening dew.
And oft the traveller, pausing there,
To gaze upon its beauty rare,
Doth, with a grateful spirit, bless
The hand that in the wilderness
  Spread out a scene so fair.

Would that my breast, oh Lona Lake!
  Were tranquil as thine own:
Then might I dwell in a hermit's cell,
  In a wilderness alone!
But dark clouds roll o'er my troubled soul,
  And life's deep fount is stirred;
For now I stand in a stranger land,
  Where no kindred voice is heard;
And memory whispers of scenes long past —
  When will its murmurs cease?
Like thee, fair lake, I must dwell alone,
  But not, like thee, at peace!

THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

TO MY SISTER.

Thou art dwelling, oh, my sister!
  'Mid fragrant orange bowers,
Where the balmy air is laden
  With the scented breath of flowers.
They tell me thou art happy,
  And I pray that it may be;
But I know thou thinkest, sometimes,
  On the bonny North Countrie.

Thou sittest in the shadow
  Of an ever-blooming vine—
Will it shield thee from the tempest,
  Like the tall and noble pine
That groweth on the mountain
  Where passed our childhood free,
Ere thy young footsteps wandered
  From the bonny North Countrie?

Bright waters flash before thee
  From marble fountains flung —
Are they sweet as those, cool, gushing,
  That from the old rock sprung?
Ah! with a spirit thirsting,
  I know thou long'st to be
Once more beside the mossy well
  In the bonny North Countrie.

New friends have gathered round thee,
  In thy bright and sunny home —
Will they cling to thee as fondly,
  Should dark Misfortune come,
As they who mourned thy sorrows
  And shared thy joys with thee? —
Ah! I know thy heart is yearning
  For the bonny North Countrie.

Thy sky is all unclouded,
  Thy pathway strewed with flowers,
And o'er thy head fly lightly
  Life's golden morning hours;
But should its storms o'ertake thee,
  Oh! from their shadow flee
To those whose love will shield thee,
  In the bonnie North Countrie!

And though the home of childhood —
  The valley and the hill —
The sheltering tree — the fountain,
  Whose pleasant murmur still
Makes music in thy night-dreams, —
  Thine never more may be,
There are kindred hearts still beating
  In the bonny North Countrie.

EMILIE.

Gone — like the dew-drop exhaled in the morning;
Gone — like the bright star that fades at the dawning;
Gone — like the silver-cloud floating, at even,
O'er the blue sky, ere it melts into heaven —
Loved Emilie!

Gone, ere a shadow of care had passed o'er thee;
Gone, while the path was all glowing before thee;
Pet of the household-band — joyous, light-hearted,
Light of a happy home — thou hast departed,
Leaving but tears!

Short was thy sojourn — four summers of gladness!
Nought knew thy bosom of sorrow or sadness;
Brief was the pang that released thy pure spirit —
From the dark ills which the earth-born inherit,
Taken away!

Thou wast too bright in this dim world to linger,
Too fair for the touch of Time's merciless finger;

Too fragile with life's troubled billows to wrestle,
Safe in the kind Shepherd's bosom thou 'lt nestle—
Lamb of his fold!

Oft, as I saw thee, with light step, advancing
Up the church aisle, with thy soft blue eye glancing—
Innocent child! I have deemed thee a vision
Of beauty, revealed from some region Elysian,
Vanishing soon!

Then asks my heart, in that hallowed fane bending—
Shall I see her no more? In the song of praise blending
Ne'er hear her sweet voice? And the grave answers—
"Never!
She hath gone from her place in this temple forever—
She is in heaven!"

Weep not, oh mother! Though droops the green willow
Over her tomb, she will come to thy pillow;
Thou 'lt hear the low murmur of angel-wings sweeping,
And thy heart will respond—"'T is my spirit-child keeping
Watch near my bed!"

Dreams, too, will vanish;—and if, at thy waking,
Wrung with new anguish, thy fond heart is breaking,

Upward from that which the grave-portal hideth,
Look to the home where thy loved one abideth,
Waiting for thee!

Lo! where a seraph, with golden locks gleaming,
Treads the bright fields with celestial light beaming; —
Round her soft odors of Paradise breathing,
Flowers ever blooming her young brow enwreathing —
Blest Emilie!

TO MY MOTHER.

One lay to thee, my mother! one short lay,
  Poor and unworthy though the offering be;
I could not calmly pass from earth away
  And leave no record of my love for thee;
A love so deep, so strong within my heart,
It seemeth of my very life a part.

One lay to thee! Oh, would the power were mine
  To breathe such strains as ne'er were heard before!
To speak a volume in each burning line,
  And from my harp in thrilling numbers pour
The garnered treasures of affection forth,
A heartfelt tribute to thy matchless worth!

One lay to thee, whose gentle voice hath sung
  Full many a sweet song by my cradle-bed,
Soothing my sorrows until slumber flung
  Its softest influence on my weary head.
Still in my dreams I hear that low-breathed strain,
Which ne'er may fall upon my ear again!

I see thee, oh, my mother! as of yore,
  The joy and gladness of my childhood's home;
I hear thy light step on the old house-floor,
  And with the echoes, oh! what memories come
Of brothers, sisters, mirthful hours and tears,
Meetings and partings — life's first hopes and fears!

Long years — long, weary years have passed, and now
  We 're sundered far, my mother! Sea and land
Lie wide between us, and another's hand
  Must part the silver hair upon thy brow —
Must smooth thy pillow, watch thy couch beside —
Why is the boon to me, thy child, denied?

Oh, mother! I would lay my aching head
  Once more upon thy tender, faithful breast,
And seek from thence the cold and narrow bed,
  Where earth's o'erwearied ones find peace and rest.
Were wealth, fame, honors, offered unto me,
I 'd give them all for one short hour with thee!

"WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"—Matt. 20: 6.

CHRISTIAN! is there nought for you
In your Master's cause to do?
Do ye blush to own his name
Who for you endured the shame
And the anguish of the Cross?
Do ye shrink from pain and loss?
Why stand ye idle here?

Cast abroad your home-bound sight—
Lo! the harvest-fields are white;
Rich the hire, the laborers few—
Hath the Lord no need of you?
You, for whom life's path he trod,—
You, the purchase of his blood?
Why stand ye idle here?

What though morn's bright hours are fled,
And upon your weary head

Fiercely pours the noon-tide ray? —
Haste, e'er noon hath passed away;
Now the heat and burden bear,
And the glorious guerdon share —
Why stand ye idle here?

Noon! and are its golden hours
Witnesses of wasted powers?
Low declines the evening sun,
Night and darkness draweth on;
Yet improve the lingering ray,
Work while it is called to-day —
Why stand ye idle here?

Toil, if ye would gain the prize
Which before the faithful lies;
Faint not, though the way be long —
Soon thou 'lt sing the conqueror's song;
Slumber not, but watch and pray —
Night may close around your way,
While ye stand idle here.

JESUS WEPT.

Draw near, ye weary, bowed, and broken-hearted!
  Ye onward travellers to a peaceful bourne;
Ye from whose path the light hath all departed,
  And ye who're left in solitude to mourn;
Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,
Sacred are Sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

The bright and spotless heir of endless glory
  Wept o'er the woes of those he came to save;
And angels wondered when they heard the story, —
  That he who conquered Death wept o'er the grave.
For 't was not when his lonely watch he kept,
In dark Gethsemane, that "Jesus wept."

But with the friends he loved whose hope had perished,
  The Saviour stood, while through his bosom rushed
A tide of sympathy for those he cherished;
  And from his eyes the burning tear-drops gushed,
As, bending o'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit, "Jesus wept."

Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
  And wiped the tear from Sorrow's drooping eye;
Look up, ye mourners! hear what he hath spoken —
  "He that believes on me shall never die!"
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept —
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

INSCRIBED TO MY SISTER.

THERE is a strain of music — oh! how deep
Within my heart it thrills! — each stormy feeling
At once is hushed by that low tone, revealing
The bright, the blessed past; and thoughts that steep
In calm forgetfulness the present pain
Rise from an aching heart, to soothe a throbbing brain.

I heard it in my home, long, long ago,
Ere death had broken love's strong bands asunder,
And they who sleep in peace, the green sod under,
Filled up their places in the household row;
Glad voices carolled it from morn till eve —
How can I hear that song, and yet, and yet, not grieve?

It is a strange, wild, Caledonian air,
The words — of one, a maiden young, who, roaming
In the deep stillness of a summer gloaming,
Was stolen by Mossmen; — in a castle fair,

Of clouds and rainbows, she was doomed to pine,
And still she weeps and smiles, when April sunbeams
shine.

And thou, sweet sister! with thy voice of glee,
And eyes with rays of gentle kindness beaming —
Ah! are thine eyes with tears of sorrow streaming?
Or are the smiles of joy allotted thee?
Is thy sky cloudless? Doth the rainbow's glow
Light up with hues of hope thy pilgrimage below?

I pray that it may be so; but, for me,
My life is in the past, — the present seemeth
Like a dark night, in which the sleeper dreameth
Of bright, enduring, warm reality,
Wherein are things long hidden from his sight;
I see and hear thee thus, in visions of the night.

And thus that strain calls up from Memory's cell
Full many a long-left scene; the clear blue river,
Above whose waters the light aspens quiver,
Making sad music — like a passing bell,
Rung out by spirits through the trembling leaves,
For the lost hopes which youth in glowing colors weaves.

And they are lost — those early hopes that twined,
Like Spring's first flowers, in blooming beauty round us,
Faded and gone — long years have passed, and found us
Parted by oceans, yet, in heart and mind,
One, one forever; kindred love like ours
Grows stronger to life's close, though withered are its flowers.

AN EMBLEM.

This withered tree, so desolate and lone,
Was once the valley's pride;
The sun through its white clustering blossoms shone,
And south winds sighed.

But ere the summer bee her work had done,
The flowers had passed away;
The glossy leaves hung drooping in the sun,
Struck with decay.

One after one, they fell, without a sound,
Upon the green earth's breast;
Like travellers, whose longed-for home is found,
They sunk to rest.

Oh! it was sad to see the early doomed
Fade slowly, day by day;
An unseen foe within its heart consumed
Its life away.

No more, oh, withered tree! will young buds swell
Upon thy branches bare;
The autumn winds that whistle round thee tell
Of ruin there.

And in the world-worn heart, oppressed with care,
Oh, never more are born
The bright and buoyant hopes that made so fair
Life's early morn!

TO A LITTLE DAUGHTER ABSENT ON HER SEVENTH BIRTH-DAY.

A GIFT for thy birth-day,
  Though 't is but a lay, —
I fain would do something
  To honor the day.
While others caress thee,
  And gifts of love pay,
Thy mother will bless thee,
  Though far, far away.

Seven years have passed o'er thee,
  In sunshine and shade,
Since first on my bosom
  Thy young form was laid;
I then gazed on thee fondly,
  And kissed thee with joy,
And the love I still bear thee
  No time can destroy.

Thou hast gone from my side, love;
  I listen in vain
For the sound of thy footstep —
  It comes not again;
But still, in my night-dreams,
  I see thee once more,
And thy voice and thy smile, love,
  Are sweet as of yore.

And thus may it ever be,
  Bird of my heart!
May joy be around thee,
  Wherever thou art!
May sorrow touch lightly
  Thy heart with its wing,
And Hope o'er thy pathway
  Its brightest hues fling!

From every temptation,
  Without and within,
May angels defend thee,
  And keep thee from sin!
And oh! may thy childhood
  Pass lightly along,
Like a bird's, in the wildwood,
  With sunshine and song!

And now, my beloved one,
  What more shall I say?
Shall I wish thee full many
  Returns of this day?
Yes! many and happy,
  And bright ones to thee,
I pray, my dear Clara,
  Thy birth-days may be.

And may each one find thee
  More gentle and kind —
More perfect and holy,
  In temper and mind —
That when no more birth-days
  Await thee below,
To a bright home in heaven
  Thy spirit may go.

THE EXILE TO A THISTLE-DOWN.

A THISTLE-DOWN comes sailing by,
  Upon its fairy wings,
And to my sad and lonely heart
  A gush of memory brings.
I think upon the happy time
  When, young and free from care,
My heart was like that thistle-down,
  Almost as light as air.

I think upon my early home;
  My sister sweet and gay,
Who chased with me the thistle-down,—
  My brothers,—where are they?
And all the social, loving band
  Who met around the hearth—
Oh! some are gone forevermore,—
  They 've passed away from earth!

Oh! would I were a thistle-down! —
  I 'd mount the wings of air,
And, blest with light and favoring gales,
  How soon would I be there!
I 'd plant myself beside the door,
  And grow beneath the light
Of those dear eyes I love so well,
  And flourish in their sight!

STANZAS.

I 've been thinking, I 've been thinking
  O'er the ills of human life,
Till my very soul is shrinking
  From the turmoil and the strife;
A shadow dark is throwing
  Its gloom across my way,
Where once love's star was glowing
  With warm and cheering ray.

I've been sighing, I've been sighing
  O'er the joys of vanished years,
While life, before me lying,
  A desert scene appears:
The treasures all are wasted
  Of the young and trusting heart;
And the cup of bliss untasted
  Doth from my lips depart.

I 've been weeping, I 've been weeping —
  Such tears but once are shed —
O'er the grave where she is sleeping
  Among the silent dead,
Whose voice of gentle gladness
  Could soothe me with its tone;
Whose eye, undimmed by sadness,
  With true affection shone.

I 've been praying, I 've been praying
  That the light of holy love
Might o'er a spirit straying
  Shine brightly from above;
That my heart may bring no treasure
  To deck an idol shrine,
Nor round me earth-born Pleasure
  Her fading roses twine.

TO MY BROTHER, ON HIS LEAVING HOME.

WHERE shall we meet again? Not where the roses
  Fill with their fragrance home's own hallowed air;
Not where the light of summer eve reposes
  On scenes of glowing beauty, fresh and fair;
Not where our mother pines, through days of sadness,
  To welcome back her absent ones again;
Long must she watch before the smile of gladness
  Lights her dim eyes — long wait, and weep in vain.

Where shall we meet again? Not in the wild-wood
  Where, with light steps and happy hearts, we roved;
Not in the lovely valley of our childhood,
  With friends long lost, the beautiful, the loved.
Not by the margin of the sparkling fountain,
  Where oft we played in sunny days of yore,
Nor on the steep side of our native mountain,
  Shall we two meet, as we have met before.

When shall we meet again? Not till Time's fingers
  Have traced deep furrows on each youthful brow;
Not till each bounding heart, where Hope now lingers,
  Is seared and withered like a leafless bough.
Not till earth's cares have thrown their shadows o'er us,
  And darkened each bright vision of the past,
And we no longer look with joy before us,
  But, sad and cold, our thoughts are backward cast.

When shall we meet again? When life hath faded,
  With all its vain allurements, from our sight;
When, by the clouds of earth no longer shaded,
  Our spirits soar to regions of delight.
There, where the weary are at rest forever,
  Where peace, and love, and happiness are given,
Where fond and trusting hearts no more shall sever,
  There, dearest brother, may we meet — in heaven!

WEEP, FOR A VOICE IS HUSHED!

ADDRESSED TO THE FAMILY OF MAJOR B——, SAVANNAH.

Weep, for a voice is hushed!
Weep, for a flower is crushed—
An opening bud, torn from its kindred cluster!
Another star is set
In heaven's bright coronet—
A jewel shining with unearthly lustre!

Child of the sunny brow!
Where is the beauty now
That filled the household realm with joy and gladness?
The hearth is dim and lone,
Its brightest charm is flown,
Thou hast departed, and we mourn in sadness!

We miss thy glances bright,
We miss thy blue eyes' light—
Thy form of grace—thy sweet voice ever sounding,
In bird-like melody—
In laughter wild and free—
And from our home, thy footsteps lightly bounding.

Child of our love and care!
We miss thee everywhere;
Our hearth is desolate, our board is lonely.
At noon, and dewy eve,
For thee, beloved! we grieve;
And in deep night we dream of thee — thee only!

Yet, with a solemn trust,
We yield thee to the dust,
To the dark grave thy fair young form resigning;
Above thee, angels keep
Watch o'er thy dreamless sleep,
Around thy resting-place sweet flowers are twining.

At Winter's icy breath,
The flowers will droop in death,
To bloom again when summer gales are blowing;
Even so shalt thou, fair child,
Glorious and undefiled,
Rise from the tomb, in fadeless beauty glowing!

I HAVE COME TO THE LAND.

WRITTEN IN FLORIDA.

I HAVE come to the land where the flowers ever bloom,
Where the orange and myrtle their fragrance are blending;
Where the breath of the zephyr is fraught with perfume,
And skies, blue and cloudless, above me are bending;
But far in the North,
Lies the home of my birth,
'T is the loveliest spot on the face of the earth;
And dearer its winter and storm-clouds to me
Than the soft summer clime of this bright land can be.

I have come to the land of the palm-tree and vine,
Where many a fount from its bosom is bursting,
Shaded o'er by the evergreen, cedar and pine;
But, oh! for the waters my spirit is thirsting,
Which far in the North,
In the home of my birth,
From the rock-girdled sides of the mountain gush forth;
And sweeter one draught of that water to me
Than the purest of founts in this bright land can be.

I have come to the land of the lake and the plain,
Of wild everglade, and of dark-flowing river;
Yet I sigh for the banks of the loved stream again,
Above whose blue waters the light willows quiver;
And far in the North,
In the home of my birth,
The wild torrent leaps from the precipice forth;
Oh! dearer its foam and its thunder to me
Than the smooth gliding streams of this bright land can be.

I have come to the land where the warrior hath trod,
And on the red war-field won laurels of glory;
Where the blood of the slaughtered hath crimsoned the sod,
And the deeds of the brave are recorded in story.
But far in the North,
In the home of my birth,
Were legends of love, by the peace-guarded hearth;
And dearer those tales of my childhood to me
Than the wildest romance of this bright land can be.

I have come to the land where the stranger is met
By eyes that beam kindly, and hearts warmly beating;
But the friends of the past I can never forget,
And I sigh for their voices the absent one greeting;

Where far in the North,
In the home of my birth,
Our hearts were united, in sorrow and mirth;
And dearer that home and its memories to me
Than aught in this sunny and bright land can be.

THE AGED.

I LOVE the aged, — every silver hair
On their time-honored brows speaks to my heart
In language of the past, — each furrow there
In all my best affections claims a part;
Next to our God and inspiration's page,
Is deepest reverence due to virtuous age.

The aged Christian stands upon the shore
Of Time, a storehouse of Experience,
Filled with the treasures of rich heavenly lore;
I love to sit, and hear him draw from thence
Sweet recollections of his journey past —
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.

Lovely the aged! when, like shocks of corn
Full ripe and ready for the reaper's hand,
Which garners for the resurrection morn
The bodies of the just, in hope they stand;
And dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,
Which warms not with affection for the old.

I MET THEE.

I MET thee — not in Fashion's hall
  Arrayed in gay and costly gear,
Where idle words of flattery fall
  Unmeaningly upon the ear,
And smiles beam brightly from the eye,
  While all within the heart is gloom,
And on the lips in mockery lie,
  Like sunlight falling on a tomb.

I met thee — not with those whose days
  Are wasted in the vain endeavor
To gain a worthless meed of praise
  From Fame's loud voice — how dear soever
The price of one green laurel bough;
  Oh! is it not a withering blight —
A mildew cast on heart and brow,
  Quenching Affection's purer light?

I met thee in that hallowed spot —
  A home which peace hath made her own,
Where the cold world intrudeth not,
  And household love hath reared a throne
For the heart's worship. Kindred ties
  Were woven round thee like a spell,
Thine ear drank in home's melodies —
  Their power *my* spirit knoweth well;

For I have bowed where brightly burned
  Domestic love's pure altar fires,
Now cold and dark — and I have turned
  Back from the world, with wild desires,
To look upon the forms again,
  So idolized in days gone by;
And learned, with bitterness and pain,
  That nothing can the past supply.

Those priceless treasures still are thine;
  Oh! cherish with a miser's care
The jewels from the heart's deep mine,
  Glowing in undimmed lustre there!
That when thy heart, in after years,
  To that sweet ark of childhood's love,
Seen dimly through long vanished years,
  Returneth like a weary dove, —

Remembrance shall no record bring
  Of lightly spoken, unkind word,
But dreams of home around thee cling,
  Where nought but sounds of love were heard;
Thus when thou leav'st that happy home,
  Where first I met thee, young and free,
To thy lone heart shall memory come,
  And prove an olive branch to thee.

TO A SISTER GOING TO THE WEST.

Sister! thou 'rt going now, —
Thou leav'st behind thee all once held most dear;
Yet in thy eye we see no gathering tear,
No shadow on thy brow.

And doth thy early home
Call up no sad regrets within thy heart?
Doth it not grieve thee from thy friends to part,
Far, far away to roam?

No! in thy bearing high —
Thy calm, pale brow — a kindred eye can read,
That, though for these thy heart may inly bleed,
Thou hast a dearer tie.

Is he not at thy side,
Whose vows of love were spoken with thine own?
Whose voice knows but Affection's sweetest tone —
'T is this the tear hath dried.

And he is more to thee
Than kindred, home, or friends; the heart can know
No purer, dearer bond, while here below,
Than this will ever be.

Rejoicing, tread the way —
The chosen way, with him to whom is given
Thy heart's best love — oh! may it lead to heaven —
To realms of endless day!

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

"Weepest thou, pale Hindoo mother,
By the Ganges bending low?
Canst thou not thy feelings smother?
Brightly doth the river flow,
Where thy infants calmly sleep,
Buried in its waters deep;
And above thee, smiling skies
Look upon thy sacrifice."

"Tell me not of bright waves flowing, —
They but mock my bosom's care!
Tell me not of sunlight glowing, —
All within is dark despair!
For I've heard of one whose eye
Frowns upon me from on high —
Where can help be found for me?
Christian! whither shall I flee?"

"To the Cross! Behold, the Saviour
  Dies to save thee, calls thee home;
Listen to these words of favor —
  'Come, ye heavy-laden, come!'
Hindoo mother! weep no more;
Lo! to this benighted shore
Jesus' heralds gladly fly,
To proclaim salvation nigh!"

"To your God my heart is given,
  He hath heard the Hindoo's prayer;
But my babes, — in that bright heaven,
  Christian! shall I meet *them* there?"
"God's deep purpose who can know?
Faith and hope must soothe thy woe;
For, upon that blissful shore,
Mercy reigneth evermore."

REST IN THE GRAVE.

"My soul is weary of life."—*Job.*

"Oh! I would sleep for centuries, and rest me in the grave."

Oh, peaceful Grave! how blest
Are they who in thy silent chambers rest,
After the fever strife,
The wild, dark, turbulent career of life!

E'en as the traveller,
Fainting amid some burning waste afar,
Longs for the sacred spot —
His quiet home — his low-roofed, sheltered cot,
Where shadowy trees in the cool night-breeze wave, —
I long for thee, oh Grave!

There shall the throbbing brain,
The heart, with its wild hopes and longings vain,
Find undisturbed repose —
No more to struggle with its weight of woes.

No passionate desires
For some bright goal to which the soul aspires,
Forever unattained, consume like quenchless fires.

Rest! my soul pants for rest!
From all its burning feelings unexpressed,
Its restless strivings with a wayward fate,
From dreams which leave the heart more desolate,
From ties which bind it to the earth, a slave,
Freedom is thine, oh Grave!

Oh! for a dreamless sleep!
A slumber calm and deep,
A long and silent midnight in the tomb,
Where no dim visions of the past might come —
No haunting memories — no tears —
Nor voices which the startled spirit hears
Whispering mysteriously of ill in coming years.
Peace, peace unbroken dwells,
Oh Grave! in thy lone cells.

And yet not lone, for they
Who 've passed from earth away
People thy realms — the beautiful, the young,
The kindred who around my pathway flung
All that earth had of brightness — and the tomb
Is robbed of all its gloom.

There would I rest, oh Grave!
Till thy "unstormy wave"
Hath overswept the whole of Time's bleak shore;
In thy deep stream of calm forgetfulness
My soul would plunge — no more
To brave, within a frail, unanchored bark,
Life's tossing billows, and its tempests dark!

THE CHILD'S LAST WISH.

Oh! mournfully the night-breeze
  Swept through the whispering pines,
And the cold dews of evening
  Lay heavy on the vines
That clustered o'er the threshold,
  And climbed the casement rude,
Of a sweet but lonely homestead,
  In a forest solitude.

There all night gleamed a taper,
  With its solitary ray,
For a young boy in his beauty
  Was fading fast away;
And wildly wept the mother,
  In anguish, by his bed —
No friend but God was near her,
  To mark the tears she shed.

She knelt beside his pillow,
  And raised her dying child,
Who turned his blue eyes upward,
  And sweetly, faintly smiled.
Then were his cold lips parted,
  And softly whispered forth,
Like a broken harp's low breathings,
  His last fond wish on earth.

"Oh! bury me, my mother,
  Beside the mossy spring,
For there young flowers are blooming,
  And wild birds sweetly sing;
And weave fresh garlands, mother,
  Each day above my head,
And often, where I'm sleeping,
  Let me hear your gentle tread."

Oh! gloriously, at morning,
  The crimson sunlight streamed
Through the open cottage casement,
  And on the young leaves gleamed,
That, glittering with the night dews,
  Like clustered diamonds hung;
And there unnumbered wild birds
  Their earliest matin sung.

But there were woe and wailing
  Within that lonely room,
For the lovely and the cherished
  Had met an early doom; —
Oh! peacefully he slumbered,
  In his quiet, dreamless rest,
With his small hands folded meekly
  Across his placid breast.

Oh! brightly bloomed the wild-flowers
  Beside the mossy spring,
Where the broad-leaved magnolias
  At eve their shadows fling;
And there the mother lingered,
  From morn till twilight gray,
And wove, with trembling fingers,
  Fresh garlands, day by day.

And there, one morn, they found her,
  With her cheek upon the sod,
Like a pale lily faded —
  Her soul was with its God!
Oh! who can paint the rapture
  Of the mother and her boy,
Whom death has reünited,
  In a world of light and joy!

TO A SWEET LITTLE GIRL.

Pretty little maiden!
  How shall I combine
All the thoughts called up by thee
  In a measured line?
Were I but a fairy,
  With a magic wand,
Then should blessings numberless
  Come at my command.

Merry little maiden!
  With the laughing eye,
May thy all of future life
  Pass as lightly by;
May no heartfelt sorrow
  Check thy mirthful tone;
And thy life glide smoothly,
  Till thy days are flown.

Happy little maiden!
  With the placid brow;
Innocence thy richest dower,
  May'st thou never bow
To the world's allurements;
  But, with bosom pure,
Free from every earthly stain,
  To the end endure!

Sweetest little maiden!
  Hear my parting word:
May'st thou, like young Samuel,
  Early seek the Lord;
He will safely guide thee,
  All life's journey through,
And in mercy crown thy days
  With blessings ever new.

TO A YOUNG RELATIVE, ON HIS CONVERSION.

LIFE is before thee — its spring-time is thine,
And freshly around thee its young blossoms twine;
No green leaf has fallen from its chaplet away —
No bright bud of promise has drooped in decay;
Unshadowed thy pathway, unclouded thy sky,
And thy heart with Hope's beautiful visions beats high;
Why — why dost thou turn, with a sigh, from them all?
Does the brightness of earth on thy young spirit pall?

Dost thou fear, when the summer is ended and gone,
And the bleak winter-time with its clouds draweth on,
That all the fair blossoms of hope that were bound
In a garland of beauty thy temples around
Will fade, like the autumn-leaves strewed on the plain,
And the gold in thy coffers may glitter in vain?
Dost thou think on the dark hour when heart and flesh fail,
And shrink from the portals of Death's gloomy vale?

Ah, yes! and in mercy to thee it is given
Thus early to garner thy treasure in heaven,
Where thieves cannot enter, nor rust e'er corrode,
Nor a shadow of change mar that blissful abode.
Thou hast quaffed the pure fountain that flows from above,
O'er thy spirit hath brooded the wings of the dove,
And thy heart in its first love returns not again
To a world whose best pleasures are mingled with pain.

Oh! blest thus to come, in the morning of youth,
And anchor thy bark in the haven of truth;
Ere, won by temptation, or dazzled by fame,
Thy heart like a wreck on the billows became.
And best thus to offer life's first glowing hours,
Unchilled thy affections, unwasted thy powers,
With a soul undismayed by affliction or loss,
And bow, in thy strength, at the foot of the Cross.

And, oh! through life's journey may He whose thou art
Be near thee, to strengthen and comfort thy heart;
Though its hopes, like spring blossoms, may wither and die,
And the wings of the tempest o'ershadow thy sky—

Though thou pass through the wilderness joyless, alone,
On a path where no sunbeams of gladness are thrown —
May Faith, with strong vision, o'erlooking the tomb,
See the light of salvation shine clear through the gloom.

There are eyes that will watch thee wherever thou goest,
And witnesses compass thee round like a host;
They will tempt thee with honors, or bribe thee with gold,
And lure thee with visions of pleasures untold;
But heed not their wiles — shall the heir of a crown,
A heritage glorious, unfading, stoop down
To gather earth's baubles — to toil for its dust —
And place in its vanishing shadows his trust?

No! Onward, still onward! Whatever oppose,
There is *one* at thy side who will vanquish thy foes;
Who suffered for *thy* sake, in sorrow and shame,
And, shedding his life-blood, thy ransom became.
Remember, though distant and sad thou may'st be,
There are kindred and friends who are praying for thee;
May they meet thee, oh! dear one, in mansions above,
Where the "faithful till death" dwell forever in love!

THE EXILE'S PRAYER.

"LET me go home!" a mournful voice was pleading,
'Mid the bright bowers of a fair southern land; —
Flowers were around the maiden, but unheeding
Their loveliness, or that her brow was fanned
By gentle winds, with richest odors blending,
Or that the summer sunlight warmly shone
Through the white orange-blossoms o'er her bending,
Still breathed, from her heart's depths, that low, sad tone —
"Let me go home!"

"Ye hear them not — the voices calling ever,
From far-off scenes of other years they come;
From rock and tree — the hill-side and the river —
Oh! thou long absent and beloved, come home!"
The murmur of the fount, the green leaves thrilling,
The bird's low warble, and the wild-bee's wing,
With mingled melody the pure air filling,
Back on my heart thy mournful echoes fling,
My home! my home!

I cannot sleep, where evermore is swelling
  The melancholy breeze the pines among,
Like troubled spirits of the wild-wood, knelling
  A dirge for those whose requiem ne'er was sung
By human voice — I cannot pray, for, ever
  There comes a form between my soul and heaven,
Whispering, in low, prophetic tones — "Oh! never
  Unto thine eyes, fond dreamer, shall be given
                Thy much-loved home!"

"Oh! see ye not that life itself is waning?
  Let me go home — go home, if but to die!"
When ceased that wild and passionate complaining,
  Another voice, soft as the south-wind's sigh,
Seemed thus to make reply — "Oh! heart-wrung weeper,
  Mourn not thus vainly for your native shore;
Be thou of heavenly hope a patient keeper,
  And, when a few more weary years are o'er,
                Thou shalt go home!"

And thus it was; — ere the last roses faded
  And dropped from Summer's glowing wreath away,
They laid her where a broad magnolia shaded
  The cool, green turf, from noontide's sultry ray.

Her heart was broken; for its ties were riven —
  Its earliest, holiest, most enduring ties;
But a blest answer to her prayer was given, —
  To an eternal mansion in the skies
    She hath gone home!

SHE DIED AS FADES THE SUMMER CLOUD.

She died as fades the summer cloud
  In heaven's serenest depths away;
And as the brightest star of eve
  Is quenched by morning's glorious ray,
So o'er life's fading light there broke
  A gleam of radiance all Divine,
As if to tempt the upward flight
  Of her young spirit from its shrine.

One moment, and the drooping lids
  Of her dark eyes were slowly raised;
And wonder, joy, intense surprise,
  Were mirrored there, as if she gazed
Far, far beyond the clouds of earth,
  On more than mortal eyes may see,
Or mortal accents may reveal, —
  The glories of eternity!

Oh! who can doubt that, hovering thus
  Between two worlds, her spirit caught
A glimpse of its celestial home
  With God's own pure effulgence fraught;
The throne, the lamb, the adoring throng,
  The white-robed saints, the angel choirs, —
Perchance some echo from the song
  Resounding from their golden lyres, —

The waving palms, the starry crowns,
  The dazzling glories of the blest,
And shining ones, with pinions spread,
  To bear her to eternal rest?
Ah! who can tell how, in that hour,
  All doubt and darkness were dispersed,
When into heaven's unclouded day
  Her spirit from its fetters burst?

Gently, as flowers at eve fold up
  Their dewy leaves, her eyelids closed;
And that young form, so fair, so loved,
  All calm and passionless reposed.
Then, as if one fond thought was given
  To life's sweet ties, a moment lay
One large drop on her pale, thin cheek —
  And earth's last tear was wiped away.

They bore her to her dreamless rest,
  When the soft shades of evening fell;
The hour for such a parting meet,
  When hushed are all the sounds that swell
On noon-day life; and when the words,
  "Dust unto dust," were slowly said,
They felt that with the buried one
  A hope, a charm, from life had fled.

But ere the mournful rites were done,
  The silver moon rose full and bright,
And that lone grave, so newly made,
  Illumed with beams of hallowed light.
It seemed as if the spirit flown
  Looked down, with smiles of pitying love,
On those who wept and lingered there,
  From its bright home of bliss above.

Farewell! oh, beautiful — beloved!
  Thy memory as a sweet perfume
Shall linger round us, like the breath
  Of faded flowers; while, from thy tomb,
Immortal Hope, with radiant eye,
  Looks upwards through the mists of time,
And views thee clothed in robes of light,
  A dweller in a fadeless clime!

THE OCEAN BRIDAL.

The following lines were suggested by an old romance of a high-born and beautiful Italian maiden, who, for love of a young English officer, forsook "home and native land," and embarked on board his vessel, accompanied by an aged priest, who was to unite them as soon as their escape was effected. They had scarcely lost sight of their native land, when they were attacked, and the lover slain in the engagement. The heart of the young Italian was broken — she died in taking a last look of the object of her idolatry. One shroud enclosed them — one burial service was performed above them — and "in death they were not divided."

Morn, on the heaving ocean,
  Where a gallant vessel rides;
And brightly flash the waters
  That lave her painted sides
    Like a flood of liquid gold:
The crimson clouds fly swiftly
  Across the morning sky;
And on the far horizon
  In gorgeous masses lie,
    Most glorious to behold!

And, gathering upon her deck, are seamen bold and brave,
Whose steps were once as light and free as their own bounding wave;
Yet slowly now, and solemnly, with measured tread they come,
To a low and wailing bugle-note, and the roll of muffled drum;
For in their midst is borne along the noble and the young,
But shrouded is his stately form, his banner o'er him flung.
They laid him down where, yesterday, with dauntless step he trod,
And, kneeling low, a white-haired priest commends his soul to God.

Above the rolling billow —
Above the voice of prayer —
A woman's shriek ran wildly,
In accents of despair,
Far o'er the boundless deep.
Swiftly the startled sea-birds
Fly from that thrilling cry;
But think not, young Isora,
That e'en thy agony
Can break his dreamless sleep!

"Oh! is not this our bridal morn? why have ye brought
him here?
Unto my eyes this sable couch seems strangely like a bier;
And this proud banner, like a pall—remove it from my
sight,
That I may gaze once more upon his blue eyes' flashing
light!"
They bared that noble countenance;—no flashing eye
unclosed,
But passionless and marble-like each feature there
reposed;
But the rich golden curls gleamed like a glory round
his head—
Death's presence hath a fearful spell—she knew that
he was dead!

She hath decked her for a bridal,
In robes and jewels rare;
And many a pearl is beaming
Amid the raven hair
Which shades her marble brow.
Proudly she stands beside him—
The living by the dead;
And a smile of solemn gladness
Doth o'er her pale face shed
Unearthly beauty now.

"For this, I left my own bright land, my father's halls of pride,
A mother's — yes! a mother's love — that I might be his bride!
Think ye my spirit will remain alone and desolate?
Earth hath no home for me, beloved! — mine be thy mournful fate!
Oh! we will slumber peacefully, on some green ocean bed —
I am thine own Isora still, my beautiful, my dead!"
She twined her snowy arms around, and gazed upon his face,
And her heart broke, in that last wild and passionate embrace.

Noon, on the mighty waters!
And a funeral hymn arose,
As the lovely and true-hearted
Sank to their last repose
Beneath the foaming wave;
The white-winged bark bounds onward,
The billows close above,
Like bridal curtains falling,
And woman's quenchless love
Hath triumphed o'er the grave.

Oh! blest art thou, Isora! for thy pure, young spirit passed,
With its dream of holy, trusting love, unbroken to the last;
Thine might have been the blighted hopes — the mildew of a heart,
Which, buried in deep memories, bears on in life a part;
Thine to have known the joyless lapse of weary, wasted years —
The burning agony that dries the very fount of tears;
Thine might have been a pathway lone, from which the light had fled;
Blest art thou in thy early rest, bride of the noble dead!

SUWANNEE STREAM.

WRITTEN IN FLORIDA.

Suwannee stream! How brightly glide
  Thy waters in the pale moonbeam,
While in thy calm and silver tide
  The pale stars, faintly mirrored, gleam!
Beyond, in dim, fantastic gloom,
  Lie boundless forests, dark and deep,
Shrouding full many a nameless tomb,
  Where Florida's wild warriors sleep.

Suwannee stream! each giant oak,
  That bends above thy waters blue,
Can witness how the echoes woke,
  When, launching forth his light canoe,
The red man's oar the stillness broke;
  Or when, from his unerring bow,
The arrow flew with deadly stroke,
  Startling the fawn and bounding doe.

Suwannee! On thy banks no more
  Shall thy own dark-browed warriors stand;
Nor say, as they have said before,
  "This is our own, our native land!"
No more the war-whoop wildly rings
  The arches of thy forest through,
Nor hunter's torch at midnight flings
  O'er thee a strange, unearthly hue.

Suwannee stream! Thou flowest still
  Majestically to the sea;
Unknowing whether good or ill,
  Or joy, or woe, are found by thee.
Yet many a heart hath bled to take
  Its farewell of thy silver tide,
And many a heart may bleed and break,
  In lonely anguish, by thy side.

And now, oh bright Suwannee stream!
  Where once thy forest children stood,
I stand beneath the pale moonbeam,
  And gaze upon thy rolling flood.
And melancholy thoughts will come;
  For they who dwelt upon thy shore
Are exiled to a distant home —
  Thy green banks they will see no more.

For me there is a stream more dear
  Than thine, Suwannee! e'er can be;
Its gentle murmurs on my ear
  In dreams of night fall soothingly.
Oh, Susquehannah! I would brave
  The dangers of the stormy main,
To taste thy cool, refreshing wave,
  Thy willowy banks to see again.

It may not be; — far, far away
  From all I loved in days gone by,
From all my childhood prized, I stray,
  A stranger 'neath a sunny sky.
Yet still, of that sweet vale afar,
  By day I think, by night I dream;
There dwell my friends, my *heart* is there,
  My *home*, Suwannee! by thy stream.

TO MY WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG FRIEND, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

'T is spoken — the irrevocable vow
That binds thee, love, forever to my side;
The bridal wreath is gleaming on thy brow,
My own, my cherished bride!

Me seems more beautiful — earth fairer seems,
Than when I trod its brightest scenes alone;
I walk as in the enchanted land of dreams,
For thou art now mine own.

Thou wilt be ever near me; I shall hear,
Like murmurs of some pleasant stream, thy voice,
Making sweet music to my raptured ear,
Bidding my heart rejoice.

Thou wilt be ever near me; I shall see
The gentle beaming of love-lighted eyes,
Gilding the shadows of the darkest hour
With radiance from the skies.

Thou wilt be ever near me; I shall feel,
Each hour, thy blessed presence; and my heart
Shall gather strength, as from some holy spell,
To meet life's sterner part.

And I to *thee*, beloved! — what shall I be,
While here our earthly destinies we blend?
Thy guide, thy guardian, thy protecting power —
Thy soul's most chosen friend!

Then lean confidingly on me, beloved!
As the young vine clings to the sheltering tree,
E'en thus, from every ill and tempest shock,
Fain would I shelter thee.

Together thus, in sickness and in health,
In joy, in grief, in the world's busy strife,
Its cares, its pleasures, poverty or wealth,
We 'll tread the path of life.

And thus together, with our inmost souls
Bound by the ties death only can divide,
"Onward and upward" may our pathway lead,
My own, my cherished bride!

TO I. W. C. L——, WITH A PERFUME-BOX, BELONGING TO HIS MOTHER.

This precious, sacred relic take,
And cherish for a mother's sake.
A mother! scarce the name was known,
And brief the smile of love that shone
Like summer sunlight on thy head,
And all its holy influence shed
Around thy heart, ere from the earth,
With all her beauty, goodness, worth,
She passed away — oh! blessed release —
From weariness to perfect peace;
From wanderings to a home of rest,
Among the spirits of the blest.
Long years have flown, and many a trace
Of manhood's cares is on thy face.
Thou hast gone forth with those who toil
For wealth and fame; the dark turmoil
Of life is round thee, and thy heart
In all its fears and hopes hath part.

Yet onward as thy footsteps go,
Thou ever hear'st a whisper low,
And sweet as music from above —
Ah! is it not a mother's love
Still ministering to her child?
And often, in thy night-dreams wild,
An angel o'er thy pillow bends;
And on thy sleeping brow descends
The holy light of angel eyes,
Pure as the dews of Paradise.

Perchance that sainted spirit bowed,
A suppliant at the throne of God,
When to thy heart the joy was given
Of pardoned sin and hope of heaven.
And, joining the triumphant strain,
Raised o'er a sinner born again,
The harp touched by a mother's hand
Rung loudest, sweetest of the band.

Oh! may that holy influence still
Be near, to shelter thee from ill;
To cheer thee in misfortune's hour,
To shield thee from the tempter's power,

To bring to thy remembrance oft
  The vows which thou to God hast given;
And, though unseen, in whispers soft,
  Allure thee in the way to heaven.

Then take the relic! — may it be
A golden link of memory;
A token dear of one who waits,
To hail thee at the heavenly gates!
And may it be thy earnest prayer,
That thou at last may enter there,
And share forevermore above
A Saviour's and a mother's love!

THE INQUIRY.

"Say, where art thou going, departing year?"
  A youthful maiden said,
As she shook aside the sunny curls
  That clustered about her head.

"Thou art not tired of dwelling here,
  In the sunshine and fresh air?
Oh! linger and look yet once again,
  For this world is very fair!"

"Maiden! I go to the silent tomb,
  To join a shadowy train;
To dwell with the long-forgotten past,
  Nor visit this earth again.

"Men seem rejoiced that my race is run,
  And that I have passed away;
For the merriest time of all the year
  Is on my dying day.

"And thou, too, lovely and happy one!
  Wilt thou join the giddy throng,
Who squander the precious hours of time
  In thoughtless dance and song?

"Remember, though beauty is now thine own,
  It hath no power to save
From the hand of dark, relentless Time,
  Nor the strong arm of the grave.

"Mourn, mourn for me, with grief unfeigned,
  With sorrow that worketh life;
And set thy affections on things above
  This world of toil and strife!

"Oh! cast from thy spirit's wings the chains
  That fetter it down to earth,
That the coming year may witness joy,
  In heaven, for thy new birth!"

PRAYER FOR THE FAMILY OF A DEAR FRIEND.

Blessings, oh Father! shower
Rich blessings on this household from on high!
May no dark cloud o'ercast their sunny sky,
Nor tempest lower —
But the sweet dove of peace, a cherished guest,
In their home's hallowed ark take up her rest!

Oh! bless them in the ties —
The holy, tender ties of husband, wife —
Which thou hast thrown around them! — guard from strife
Earth's choicest prize,
Domestic love, unsullied by a fear
That aught but death can change their fond hearts here!

Saviour! thou who didst take
Young children in thine arms — oh! look on these
Who lisp sweet accents at their parents' knees;
And ne'er forsake —
But through life's wilderness direct their feet
To the blest fold where all thy lambs shall meet!

And oh! bless thou their store;
Reward their labors with a bounteous hand;
And may their hearts incline to thy command!
Think on the poor—
May that blest charity their bosoms warm,
Which shields a brother from Affliction's storm!

Not for the gifts alone
Which are of earth, and pass with time away,
For those I love, with deep desire I pray;
But from thy throne
Bend down thine ear, Most Holy! and bestow
The blessings which from thee alone can flow!

May peace and heavenly joy,
Which passeth human understanding, fill
Their inmost souls, and grateful praises still
Their tongues employ;
And aspirations of pure love arise,
In clouds of spirit-incense, to the skies!

Yet one more boon I crave,
For those, oh Father! whom my soul holds dear;—
When thy last solemn messenger draws near,
And Jordan's wave
Lies just before them, be their stay and guide
Through death's dark vale—thou Blessed and Crucified!

I leave them in thy hands,
Most Merciful! — now and forevermore
Thy will be done! and when on heaven's bright shore
With joy they stand,
Their ransomed souls shall swell the sacred song —
"Glory and honor to the Lamb belong!"

TAKEN AWAY FROM THE EVIL TO COME.

A MOTHER bent o'er her sleeping boy,
And in her eye was the light of joy;
For unto her had the boon been given
To rear a plant for the bowers of heaven.
But the fount was troubled within her heart,
And I saw the smile from her lip depart,
As she thought of the path where his feet might stray,
Of travel sore on the world's highway,
Of the tempter's wiles for the young heart spread,
And storms that beat on the pilgrim's head;
Of pain and sorrow — perchance of sin,
Ere that blest haven his soul might win;
And her warm tears fell like the summer shower
On the folded leaves of a fair young flower.

Pure as the wreath of the new-fallen snow,
'Mid its golden curls was that baby-brow;
Dark lashes drooped o'er his deep blue eye,
Like grass-fringed banks where the violets lie;

While his dimpled cheek and his dewy lips
Were bright as the rose which the wild bee sips.
She gazed with pride on her noble child,
And oh! her heart with its fears grew wild,
When she thought of him as a care-worn man,
With grief on his haggard brow and wan;
With a furrowed cheek and an earthward eye,
And a heart that had treasured no hopes on high,—
An aged man, who had lived — in vain, —
And her tears fell fast as the summer rain.

Closely she bends o'er her treasure now, —
A shade is dimming that bright young brow,
And the angel that watched o'er his slumbering
Gives place to one with a darker wing;
A faint, sweet smile, and a shuddering thrill, —
A strange, low murmur, — and all is still!
He passed away at the touch of death,
Like a flower that fades at the hoar-frost's breath.
Then the mother knelt by her only son,
And whispered, "Father! — thy will be done!
In mercy, thou takest the sinless home,
From the blight of the evil days to come."
And she sung, in a sweet and melting tone,
A last farewell to the spirit flown.

Farewell, farewell, my child!
Like a pure dove, thy spirit hath departed,
With snowy pinions plumed for upward flight,
To cloudless skies: I weep not, broken-hearted,
For thou art dwelling in eternal light,
My loved, my undefiled!

Oh! early called, and blest!
Not thine to run the race with footsteps weary,
And life's dark travel-stains upon thy soul,
Nor manhood's strife, nor age uncheered and dreary—
Thou at the starting point didst win the goal,
And sink to peaceful rest!

Yet not for thee I mourn,
Sweet flower of earthly promise, early smitten!
'T is but the moving of deep thoughts that swell
A mother's yearning heart, who, childless written,
Longs for a mansion where her loved ones dwell,
In the bright spirit bourne.

For thee—joy! joy! the wild
And fearful clouds life's pathway overshading,
Bursting full oft in tempest; and the grief
Of the young heart, whose glowing hopes are fading,
E'en as the hues of morning, bright and brief;
Thou hast escaped, my child!

And where pure waters swell
From living fountains, peacefully thou 'rt straying,
'Mong kindred angels, in thy native skies;
While I in patient hope still linger, praying
That soon thy hand may wipe my weeping eyes;
Till then, beloved — farewell!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF AN INDIAN GIRL MAKING HER TOILET IN THE WATER.

CHILD of the forest! what dost thou there,
Twining bright flowers in thy long dark hair,
Gazing far down in the still lake's breast —
Seest thou there the image loved best?

Ah! I see, by thy smiling brow,
Thou art dreaming of beauty now
Of conquest gained o'er a warrior's heart —
In thy youthful visions *love* bears a part.

Maiden! such visions are not for thee, —
Dark and lone may thy future be;
Soon will waves o'er thy mirror break,
And rude winds ruffle that placid lake.

The flowers thou hast gathered will fade and die,
And, cast on the earth, forgotten lie;
The home of thy sires be a desert place, —
Oh! where will then be that lovely face?

'T will have passed away from the deep green glade,
Where, free as the wild fawn, thy footsteps strayed;
From the forest walks, and the brown hill-side,
And thy own blue waters, where swift barks glide.

Yet now dream on! though thy noble race
Is doomed to pass from the fair earth's face;
Dream on, bright maiden! and far away
From thy young heart be the evil day!

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF CHILD'S HAIR IN A LETTER.

Before me lies, like a bright sunbeam,
A beautiful ringlet of golden gleam;
Well may I gaze on its silken sheen,
Fine as the gossamer's web, I ween,
And deem that no mortal brow might wear
The clustering wealth of that sunny hair.

A blessed vision of childhood bright
Flashed with that ringlet across my sight;
A fair young boy, with a cheek whose dye
Rivals the roses of spring, and eye
Of starry light, ere the taint of sin
Had sullied the depths of the fount within.

And love, the holiest, purest of earth,
Is guarding that jewel of priceless worth;
For a mother's arms are around her boy,
And her bosom thrills with a trembling joy,

As she murmurs, while smoothing his ringlets wild,
"Oh! the light of home is a fair young child!"

A father gazes with hope and pride
On the scion springing his path beside,
The olive branch that shall bless his home
With bloom and beauty in years to come.
Wealth — honors — oh! what were they all to him,
If those bright locks in the dust were dim?

But time will pass, and his solemn wing
Will sweep o'er his young head, silvering
The curls that cluster around his brow,
Like gleams of the summer sunlight, now;
And far from the shade of his own roof-tree,
'Mid storms and clouds, may his pathway be.

Yet now love on, ere the dark days come,
While ye share together one happy home;
Long may he gladden your hearts and hearth,
With his smile of light and his voice of mirth!
And when life's sorrows and clouds are past,
May ye dwell in one blissful home at last!

TO A DEPARTING SPIRIT.

"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One moment of heaven is worth them all." — *Moore.*

Blest spirit, stay thy flight!
A moment linger in thy earthly dwelling;
Oh! leave us not in deepest gloom of night:
Dark thoughts within our bursting hearts are swelling,
And longings for a full and perfect light.

If thou hast caught a ray
From heaven's bright portals, open to receive thee,
Where every tear thy God will wipe away,
'T will but of one short moment's bliss bereave thee,
With us a while on life's dark shore to stay.

We fain would ask of thee,
If heaven hath flowers more fair than these now springing
From the green sod, in Nature's bounty free?
If heaven hath sounds more sweet than wild birds singing
Their songs of joy from every forest tree?

And the pure, sparkling streams
Which through the Paradise of God are flowing,
Reflecting from his throne the dazzling beams
Of glory — are not earth's bright waters flowing
In sunlight radiance? Earth! how fair it seems!

In vain — 't is all in vain,
Oh, parting spirit! that we strive to bind thee
With fetters formed of weariness and pain;
Gladly thou leavest all things here behind thee,
Thou 'rt ransomed, and the freed one wears no chain.

The captive in his cell,
With limbs unbound, no longer pines in sadness;
But towards the long-lost home he loves so well
He boundeth forth, on wings of hope and gladness,
No more within a dungeon's gloom to dwell.

So from the spirit's wings
The cords which bound it to the earth are falling;
It turns with loathing from earth's fairest things; —
Bright angels from the worlds of light are calling,
And through the air sweet, heavenly music rings.

Blest spirit! speed thy way;
Nought can we offer worthy to detain thee;
The brightest flowers are passing to decay,—
The birds' sweet carol hath no power to chain thee,
Nor waters dancing in the noontide ray.

Back! to thy native home,
Where sister spirits thy delay are chiding;
Among unfading flowers thy steps shall roam,
Where waters of eternal life are gliding,
And hymns of praise resound through heaven's high dome.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A MOTHER's prayer! the angels stoop to listen,
As through the earth they wing their unseen flight;
In their bright eyes the sparkling joy-drops glisten,
Like gems of light;
Gladly they pause to catch the accents lowly,
And mounting upward, on their pinions bear,
Like incense, to the throne of the Most Holy,
A mother's prayer!

A mother's prayer! as evening dew descendeth
On Horeb's mount, the sorrow-stricken child
Yields to the heavenly influence it lendeth,
And passions wild
Are hushed to rest, like tossing waves of ocean,
When oil is poured. Oh! blest are they who share,
Amid the trying scenes of life's commotion,
A mother's prayer!

A COMPARISON.

Soft falling shower!
Whence is thy power
To raise the head of the drooping flower,
Which low on the earth
Where it had its birth
Lies, like a form of departed worth?
The rude storm beat
On its green retreat,
And crushed in dust the floweret sweet:
But thou dost descend,
Like a gentle friend,
And to its pale leaves new beauties lend.

Dost thou not know,
Oh, dweller below!
Whence the pure streams of gentleness flow?
I am from heaven,
To me it is given,
To raise the flower by the tempest riven;

When the spirit is broken,
And harsh words are spoken
By the cold world, go thou, with love's token,
With kind words and meek,
The wounded heart seek,
So shalt thou strengthen and comfort the weak.

THE MOTHER'S CONSOLATION.

The faint, low voice
Of a fair child was heard; and to the ear
Of her who listened breathlessly, to catch
Its lightest murmur, it was melody.
In many an after year of care and pain,
The look, the tone, the words, came back like oil
Upon life's troubled waters.

Mother, dear mother! lay your hand upon my aching brow,
And pray for me, dear mother! for I am dying now;
But, oh! in mercy do not ask that I may longer stay!
For angels from a better world are calling me away.

And though my voice be silent at the hour of evening prayer,
Oh! kneel where we have often knelt, — my spirit will be there;

Our board will be more lonely now than when my father died,
For my place will be vacant too, and you have none beside.

But do not weep, my mother; let me hear your gentle voice,
As when, in childhood's happy days, it made my heart rejoice;
Oh! with those soft and melting tones, what thoughts rush through my brain, —
Thy long-tried love — my wayward will, — there, smile on me again!

I bless thee, oh, my mother! with a deep and fervent love,
That early from earth's fading things my heart was turned above;
That thou didst guide my wandering feet in Wisdom's holy way,
And from the blessed book of life didst teach my lips to pray.

I know you 'll weep, when I am gone, such tears as I have shed
Over a flower my hand had reared when withering on its bed;

I saw my flower revive again, though all its leaves were
strewed,
And so, in heaven's eternal spring, my life shall be
renewed.

As a bright dew-drop quivers in the sun
A moment, and then vanishes in air,
She passed from earth to heaven!
In that sad hour,
When all of nature in a mother's heart
Must feel the keenest pangs, did she rejoice
That she had trained a spirit for the skies;
And as she bent above the lifeless clay—
The casket which had held a priceless gem—
Thought that her child might shine a living star
In her own glorious crown.
And feelings rose
Within her heart, divine, unspeakable,
And full of joy.
What though her onward way,
Widowed and childless, must be trod alone,
It leadeth upward where the unfading flowers
Of hope, and love, that made life beautiful,
And death undreaded, shall forever bloom,
In full fruition, on their native soil.

A FATHER'S DREAM.

How beautiful are dreams,
When Slumber, like a sentinel, shuts close
The portals of our senses, and no beams
Of outward light illume our deep repose!

Then Fancy, like a bird
Uncaged, unfettered, soars on tireless wing,
And oft returning unperceived, unheard,
Doth to the sleeper strange, wild visions bring.

The dim and distant past,
Where Memory hath hoarded holy things,
Returns—oh, that such blissful dreams could last!—
And o'er the scene a present beauty flings.

And from that "viewless bourn,"
Whence travellers return no more, they come,
In dreams, the loved, the lost, for whom we mourn,
With tears of anguish, in our lonely home.

When Time's concealing hand
Had with thick grass a little grave o'erspread,
A father slumbered; from the spirit-land,
A form of beauty hovered near his bed.

And small, white arms were twined
Around his neck, in childhood's artless love;
Which, deep within the melting eyes enshrined,
Seemed doubly pure, since purified above.

How like reality
Was the long clasp with which that father pressed
His beautiful, his own! Oh! thus to see
Our treasures, e'en in dreams, is to be blest!

Too soon, alas! too soon,
That fond dream vanished; but its memory yet
Lingers amid life's busy scenes, a boon
For which the heart can cherish no regret.

And when life's fevered dream
Hath passed away, and the last day-spring breaks
O'er all the earth, with bright and glorious beam,
And from the dreamless sleep of death he wakes,

That voice, so long unheard,
Shall sweetly whisper, "Father, welcome home!"
Oh! let such thoughts the patient spirit gird,
To wait with patient hope for joys to come.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

Not lost! not lost! the dew-drop bright,
  That glitters in the morning ray,
Filling the rose's heart with light,
  Ere noon-tide may have passed away;
Yet when beneath the fervid eye
  Of summer sun the flowers are bending,
It leaves its cloud-home in the skies,
  And, in a gentle shower descending,
A soft, refreshing influence throws
Around its own beloved rose.

Not lost! for thus, like heavenly dew,
  The spirit of thy child may come,
And holy angel ministry
  Be round thee, in thy lonely home,
Unheard — unseen by mortal eyes,
  That form of life may now be near thee;
And angel tears, (if such there be,)
Oh! weeping mourner, fall for thee.

Not lost! for in the summer breeze,
  That, with a melancholy sound,
Goes whispering through the forest trees,
  Or where bright waters fling around
Their joyous music — hearest thou not
  A silver voice, thy heart-strings thrilling?
A sweet, low murmur, unforgot,
  Of household tones, the still air filling?
Hark! spirit breathings they may be,
Speaking of hope and peace to thee.

Not lost! not lost! for in the hour
  Of solemn midnight, calm and deep,
When silence, like a spell of power,
  Hath hushed the busy world to sleep,
Hast thou not, waking, dreamed each star,
  In its eternal beauty gleaming,
On the blue arch of heaven afar,
  Was like the eyes once on thee beaming?
Ah! their soft light perchance may be
Love's hallowed radiance shed o'er thee.

Not lost! not lost! the flowers that spring
  Above her quiet resting-place,
And o'er the heart her fragrance fling,
  Are types of loveliness and grace;

Emblems of heavenly purity,
  The angel language they are speaking
Falls on the spirit soothingly —
  "Why, oh! fond mourner, art thou seeking
Thy living child among the dead?
Not for the blest should tears be shed!"

Not lost! not lost! she hath but gone
  Before thee to that better land;
Look up! behold thy cherished one
  Among the shining seraph band!
Then gird thee, though the way be long,
  Which thou must tread alone, in sadness;
And let the faith be bright and strong,
  Which guides thee on to joy and gladness,
And thine own child at last may be
The messenger to set thee free.

THE EXHUMED.

The following apostrophe was occasioned by seeing large masses of human bones, that were found during the excavation of the North Branch Canal, at Port Ritner, near the confluence of the Wyox Creek and the Susquehanna River, in Bradford Co., Pa. These bones — probably the remains of some tribe of Indians who had once inhabited the country — were lying about four feet beneath the surface, and bore evidence of having been buried after some memorable battle, concerning which history and tradition are alike silent.

Relics of a mighty nation,
  Which from earth has disappeared —
Lost forever name and station —
  No recording stone was reared.
Lofty trees above you growing
  Tell of ages passed away,
And your own bright river flowing
  Bears no tidings on its way.

Where is now the dark-eyed maiden,
  Singing when her toil was done?
Where the hunter richly laden
  With the spoils his bow had won?

Where the feeble and the aged,
  In whose bosoms life had waned?
Was such sure destruction wagéd
  That no living thing remained?

Are there none to tell the story,
  How the warriors fought and fell,
In the battle red and gory —
  Are there none the tale to tell?
None! Oblivion's pall forever
  Darkly o'er their graves is flung;
Nor can boasted science ever
  Give these mouldering forms a tongue.

Happy that in death ye 're sleeping,
  Free from sorrow, toil, and care,
Knowing not the bitter weeping,
  Nor the wrongs your kindred bear.
Friends, nor home, nor hearth possessing,
  Driven to an unknown land —
Death might well be deemed a blessing,
  By that sad and ruined band.

In the vale's green bosom lying,
  Ye have rested long and well,
Heeding not the cold blast sighing
  O'er your dark and narrow cell.

Ages has the sun been beaming
  Warmly o'er your buried dust;
Light again is on ye streaming,
  Earth hath yielded up her trust.

THE ITINERANT PREACHER.

He stood beneath a noble forest tree,
Whose spreading branches and aspiring top
Formed a meet temple for the worshippers
Of Nature's God. The dark green leaves were stirred
By gentle winds, and murmured like the tones
Of whispering angels, unseen guardians, who
Encamp about the children of the Lord.
And there he stood, an aged, feeble man;
Each silver hair uplifted by the breeze
Seemed like a holy witness for his zeal
And patient suffering in his Master's cause.
The Word of God was open in his hand,
And a bright sunbeam like a glory fell
Upon the sacred page.
With words of love,
He cheered the drooping; and with promises
Confirmed the weak; and to the sinner spake
Of Calvary's solemn scenes, and wrath to come:
While of the few who clustered 'neath the shade,

None were unmoved, for they who seldom hear
The Gospel exhortations feel them most.
The rich are oft indifferent to the heaps
Of treasure they possess, while to the poor
One unprized jewel is a mine of wealth.

The simple service o'er, with greetings kind,
And benedictions given, he went his way,
Through the world's by-ways seeking for the lost;
And thus his weary pilgrimage pursued.
Like one who travels to some distant land,
To search for treasures buried in the fall
Of palaces and temples—so he wrought
To win from ruined shrines the living gems
Which form the glory of the Saviour's crown.
He was not bound to earth, like other men,
By the strong tendrils of domestic love;
Wife, children, home and hearth, he knew them not.
His whole existence was an offering
Upon the altar of his love to God,
Unsullied by the world; yet from his heart
A fount of pure benevolence gushed forth,
Towards all human kind.
Like a caged bird,
With longing eyes turned upward to its home,

Far in the deep blue sky, his spirit poised
'Twixt earth and heaven.
At last the summons came.
His work was finished; and he hailed with joy
The messenger that came to set him free
From poverty and toil. At three score years,
The promised land burst on his raptured view;
His withered form put on the glorious robes
Of immortality; the starry crown
For which he toiled was placed upon his brow,
And white-robed angels welcomed him above.

THE SABBATH DAY.

THY *morn*, sweet Sabbath day!
I love thy early, quiet, balmy morn;
For then fresh hopes and heavenly thoughts are born,
And many a ray
Of love divine pours in upon my soul,
Which turns to God, scorning the world's control.

Thy *noon*, sweet Sabbath day!
Oh! how I love thy high and solemn noon;
From thee, my God! and from this blessed boon,
No thought shall stray;
But adoration, deep and fervent praise,
From my soul's inmost depths my lips shall pay.

Thy *eve*, sweet Sabbath day!
Far more I love thy still, calm, dewy eve;
At such an hour my soul its clay would leave,
And soar away,
On angels' wings, above the stars to rise,
And spend an endless Sabbath in the skies!

DESTRUCTION OF THE PULASKI.

This ill-fated steamboat was lost on her passage from Charleston to New York; and from her full freight of passengers, but few were saved to describe the fearful scene.

A voice of woe and wailing from the deep!
A mingled sound of mortal fear and pain!
As shrieks the wind when wild tornadoes sweep
Through forest pines and o'er the sounding main,
Awaking Echo from her dreamless sleep,
Then sinking fitfully to rest again.
Oh! was it but the tempest's hollow roar
That in deep midnight sounded on the shore?

No! human beings, in strong agonies,
Wrestled in darkness for a hold on life;
And, till the morning dawned, their fearful cries
Told to the stars alone of that fierce strife.
Unheard on earth, unseen by mortal eyes,
Were death's tremendous doings — husband, wife,
Child, brother, sister, met in wild embrace,
Or met no more; oh God! how short the space

Since, yesterday, a gallant vessel rode
Where now a blackened, shapeless wreck floats by;
Upon her deck how many light feet trod,
Which now all fettered with dark sea-weed lie!
Where are the forms through which warm life-blood flowed—
The bounding bosom and hope-lighted eye?
Upon the caverned floor of ocean strown,
The forms repose — the sea hath claimed her own!

Alas! they rest not in green, quiet graves,
Among their native hills and sunny vales;
Their sepulchre the restless billow laves,
And o'er the beautiful the sea nymph wails —
Their only dirge; their shroud, the white-capped waves;
O'er the closed waters gay and dancing sails
Speed their light course rejoicing, and the spot
In the wild waste of waters is forgot!

Woe for the homes left lone and desolate!
Woe for the hearths where kindred meet no more!
Woe for the hearts — the broken hearts, which fate
Hath cast like wrecks upon a desert shore!
Yet not without a hope, bereft ones, wait
Calmly till life's tempestuous voyage is o'er;
The sea shall yield her treasures to your eyes,
On the last morn, when all the dead arise!

VALENTINE TO KATE CORRIE.

MAIDEN fair, of summers three,
Listen, while I sing of thee!
Praises cannot harm thee yet,
Child of sunshine! cherished pet!
Never saw I lovelier flower
Blooming in a household bower.
Forehead white as drifted snow —
On thy rounded cheek a glow,
Delicate as hues that dwell
On some polished rose-lipped shell;
Smiling, dimpled, rosy mouth,
Breath like that which from the south
Brings the fragrance shed around,
Where the orange-flowers abound;
Roguish, laughing eyes of blue —
Windows which the soul looks through;
Curling hair of palest gold,
Tiny form of fairy mould,
Manners gentle and sedate,
Lovely art thou, little Kate!

On thy smooth and placid brow,
No dark thoughts are written now;
On thy cheek no earthly stain,
Passions wild, or wishes vain;
On thy lip no smile of pride, —
Oft assumed a pang to hide, —
In thy eye no glance of scorn,
In thy gentle heart no thorn;
Nought but innocence I trace
In that sweet, bewitching face,
Truth, and purity, and love —
Angel blessings from above.
May they evermore, as now,
Shed a halo round thy brow,
And true happiness create
In thy bosom, little Kate!

VOICES OF HOME.

Voices of home! ye are on the breeze,
Ye are sighing soft through the budding trees;
Spring has come, with a gentle reign,
And ye are sounding o'er hill and plain.
From a far green valley ye come, ye come!
Speak to the wanderer, voices of home!
Tell me of those I shall see no more,
Of all I have loved in the days of yore.
List! from the bank where the violet lies,
Where the honey-bee for his treasure flies,
A voice of home!
"The bowers thou hast twined are green and fair,
Thickly the blossoms are clustering there —
Wilt thou not come?
Sweet is the air with the breath of Spring,
Birds are abroad on a glancing wing;
Each wild strain from their joyous throats,
Like a bursting chorus of welcome notes,
Recalls thee home."

Voices of home! would ye bear me back
To the scenes of my childhood's sunny track?
Would ye win me away, from my chosen lot,
To pleasures the gay world knoweth not?
Tell me, oh! tell me of that loved hearth,
Where cluster the purest joys of earth;
Speak of the home I shall see no more,
And of all I loved in the days of yore!
Hark! from the stream, as it murmurs by,
In the sunlight making glad melody,
A voice of old!
"Green is the bank where thy young feet strayed—
Cool is the air in the willow shade,
And waves of gold
Are flashing bright in the noon-tide ray,
And music sounds where the fountains play;
Come, for the flowers and young birds are there,
The clear stream flows, and thy home is fair,
As in days of old!"

Voices of home! do ye mock my prayer?
Do the feet of my kindred still linger there?
And she whose love, like a holy star,
Hath shone on my path in the world afar—
Are the eyes still bright that upon me smiled,
And prayeth she still for her absent child?

Brothers and sisters! oh! where are they?
Have they passed, like me, from that home away?
Again! as the wind the green leaves stirred,
The wail of a mournful voice was heard —
A household tone!
"I swept alone through the empty halls,
And waved the grass on the mouldering walls,
And the dark hearth-stone;
I moved the billows to mighty wrath,
As a tall ship sped on her ocean path;
And scattered the leaves of a pale white rose,
As I passed o'er the graves where the dead repose,
Alone, alone!"

Voices of home! ye are gone, ye are gone!
Ye passed away in that last sad tone;
Call me no more, for the home is dark
Where I turned like the dove to its sheltering ark:
The flowers I nursed may in splendor vie
With the rainbow hues of the summer sky,
The joyful burst of the wild bird's song,
And music of waters that glide along, —
Though all that is glorious, all that is fair,
In the face of Nature, still dwelleth there,
It is home no more!

For the golden links of Affection's chain
By Death's dark angel are broke in twain,
And the dream is o'er; —
Voices of home! fare ye well, farewell!
Pass on, in the midst of the loved to dwell;
A sweeter voice to my lonely heart
Speaks of a mansion where kindred part
No more, no more!

TO THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

Descend, descend, bright snow!
Soft as the tread of a fairy train,
Thy light flakes fall upon hill and plain —
We welcome thee below;
Thou dost bid to the revel gay
Youth and beauty, in bright array.
At sight of thee, oh! merrily
Many a young heart bounds:
Bells are ringing cheerily —
List to the joyful sounds,
While wearing the hue of the summer rose,
Health on the fair cheek of beauty glows.

Lightly thou fallest, pure snow!
Like down from the spotless bird that flies
Through the cloudless ether of Paradise;
Wafted by winds from another sphere,
To glitter a while in the sunlight here

And over this dark world throw
A mantle that hideth,
Where'er it abideth,
Each spot and blemish that earth can show.

But when, oh, glittering snow!
The moon rides high
In the clear blue sky,
And sheddeth her beams on the world below,
Thou art like a glorious robe of gems;
As if angels bright,
On a garment white,
Had scattered the stars from their diadems.
Then, as I gaze on my native hills,
And hear the moan of the captive rills,
Chained by frost in their channels deep,
To the shadowy future I turn and weep;
Thou must depart
With the sun's first ray,
As the dreams of my childhood
Have passed away.

I love thee, beautiful snow!
For I was born in a cold north clime,
Where the trees are fledged with a silver rime;

And thy spirit chills, with its drooping wing,
The mountain stream and the woodland spring,
  And where the wild storms blow.
Thou comest to me like an ancient friend,
For I watched thy feathery flakes descend,
  When life was bright before me;
And oh! how like unto fairy land
Were those wintry scenes!—could some magic wand
  To my childhood's days restore me,
Oh! never more would I seek to roam
From the snows of my own dear mountain home.

  Thou art dearer to me, cold snow!
  Than the brightest flowers that blow
In the scented air of that sunny clime
Which knoweth and feareth no winter time.
When the weary journey of life is o'er,
And I gaze on this beautiful world no more,
Fall gently, bright snow, on my couch of rest,
  And form a pure wreath above me;
Spread thy white wings o'er my clay-cold breast,
  And when the few friends who love me
    Turn from the spot,
    And, by all forgot,

I slumber alone in-a nameless tomb —
Like a long-tried friend of my youth thou 'lt come,
And dwell with me there, till the warm south wind
Breathes o'er thee and leaves not a trace behind.
Thou wilt pass in tears from the world away,
  Like the heart when its ties are riven;
And, like a spirit released from clay,
  Wilt soar to thy native heaven.

A WISH.

LADY! may thy pathway lie
  Over thornless roses,
Where a bright, unclouded sky
  Purest light discloses!
Flowers and fruits around thee twining,
Fond eyes ever on thee shining,
  With Love's hallowed light;
And as Time is swiftly flying
Onward ever — ne'er abiding —
  May its ceaseless flight
Bring new joys to thee and thine,
Joys unchanging and divine!

THE OFFERINGS.

There is an altar where no gold
  Or gems in rich oblations blend;
No fires by costly incense fed,
  Nor smoke of holocausts, ascend.
But offerings on that altar laid
  Should be the treasures of the soul;
The heart's pure incense, and the bright
  O'erflowings of life's golden bowl.

One came, with faltering steps and slow,
  With offerings for the shrine designed;
Bowed was her form, her eye was dim,
  Her brow a faded chaplet twined.
The tarnished chalice which she bore
  Once held a rich and sparkling draught;
'T was empty now — her eager lips
  Its contents to the dregs had quaffed.

With trembling hand, she poured them forth
  Before the shrine — then passed away;
Another came, her onward path
  Lit by a taper's dying ray;
Around her as a robe were cast
  The clouds of earthly care and strife,
And in a broken urn she brought
  The ashes of a wasted life.

"Why bring ye to my altar back,
  Sullied, the treasures which I gave, —
The poor remains of squandered gifts,
  Defaced by Sin's o'erwhelming wave?
The tears of penitence prevail —
  Go ye in peace, with much forgiven!
Yet, burdened with the wrecks of years,
  Yours is a toilsome way to heaven!"

And yet another came; her step
  Was light and joyous, and her eyes
Wore the pure radiance of the stars
  Which nightly gem the deep blue skies.
She bore life's unexhausted cup,
  Its waters flashed upon the brim;
Her brow was wreathed with fresh young flowers,
  And buds, where not a leaf was dim.

She knelt, and on the altar laid
  The glowing wreath, the jewelled cup;
And her young heart, the gift of love,
  Was freely, meekly, offered up.
"Thou who hast brought thy first ripe fruits,
  And cast earth's glittering toys aside,
With joy shalt run the upward road,
  And in my perfect love abide."

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

We come, we come to our native bowers,
Called into life by the voice of Spring;
Nursed by the sunshine and April showers,
Buds of promise we freely bring.
Winter's cold reign
Hath passed away;
We burst from its chain
To the light of day.

We come to each spot of the fair green earth,
To the sunny glade and the sheltered glen;
The eyes that behold us rejoice in our birth,
And welcome us back to the haunts of men.
For what can beguile
The weary hours
Of sorrow and toil,
Like fresh young flowers.

We come to our place by the cottage door,
Where fair young children at evening play;
Our buds are strewed on the humble floor,
On our scattered leaves they will kneel and pray.
Our perfume will rise
With the breath of prayer,
To God in the skies,
An offering rare.

We come, and the chamber of pain and death
Is screened from the heat of the noon-day sun;
We climb the casement, and sweetly our breath
Is borne o'er the couch of the dying one.
The soft winds tell
Of the summer rose,
And beneath their spell
The eyelids close.

We come, and the gloom of the grave dispel,
As o'er the loved and the loving we grow;
Of heavenly promise and hope we tell
To those who are sleeping in dust, below:
The faithful dead
Shall in beauty rise,
From their lowly bed,
To their native skies.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Oh! sing not of earth! it is passing away;
Though bright are its flowers, they are struck with decay;
Its flattering hopes are illusive and vain,
And the cup of its pleasures drugged deeply with pain.

Oh! sing not of earth! for though fair are its skies,
In the sunniest day a dark tempest may rise;
The rainbow will vanish, though brilliant its hue,
And friends disappear like the morn's early dew.

Oh! sing not of earth! though its streams smoothly flow;
To wreck and destroy, there are quicksands below;
Though youth's fairy fountains are sparkling and sweet,
Drink not!—the bright waters are mixed with deceit.

But sing of that clime where the weary find rest,
Where the flowers ever bloom, in the home of the blest;
Where skies are unclouded, and storms never rise,
And the friends that we love are not torn from our eyes.

Oh! sing then of heaven, as onward you go;
Though life may have seasons of sorrow and woe,
The song of the Christian enlivens the way,
Through the valley of tears, to the mansions of day.

THE MISSIONARY.

A HOUSEHOLD band hath knelt in earnest prayer
Around the social altar; 't is the last —
Last time they *all* shall kneel together there:
For one among them — their most cherished one —
Will leave her native land, her early home,
Her friends, her kindred, all once held most dear,
To sail to dark Liberia's distant shore.
Though strong the ties by which her heart is bound
To all she loves on earth, yet stronger still
Her love to God; and she hath offered up
Her time, her talents, and her all, to him.
And there they kneel, while one, with trembling voice,
Breathes forth a farewell prayer.
Though stillness reigns, —
Stillness, unbroken save by that low voice, —
'T is as the calm precedes the coming storm.
They rose from that last prayer with her, so loved,
And heart-wrung sobs burst forth. Oh! such a scene
Might well unnerve the strongest female heart;

Yet, in the power of love Divine, she strove
To still its natural throbbings, and to speak
A last farewell.

"Father! I take thy hand,
And all thy long-enduring kindness seems
Fresh in my memory now; and in my dreams,
In that far land,
Thy voice will come to soothe my visions wild —
Father, farewell! thy blessing on thy child!

"Oh mother! weep not now!
When for thy child thou call'dst rich blessings down,
Wouldst thou have wept to see an earthly crown
Upon her brow?
Then gaze not on me with such fixed despair;
I go to win a crown of glory there.

"Sisters! what shall I say
To ye who cling so closely round my heart?
Oh! break it not with weeping! let us part
With Hope's bright ray
Gilding, with strong and steady light, the gloom,
And pointing to a home beyond the tomb!

"Come, brother, to my arms!
And let me press once more thy noble brow;
High earthly hopes are bright before thee now,
And many charms
Hath life, young life, and pleasant sunny hours,
But thorns still lurk among the fairest flowers.

"Brother! where'er I roam,
My prayer shall rise—not that the path of life
Thou long may'st tread unknowing care or strife,
For these must come;
But that our Father, in Temptation's hour,
May guard thee with his own Almighty power.

"Weep ye no more for me!
Not for earth's brightest flowers or loveliest spot,
Would I forego my own heart-chosen lot,
Beyond the sea.
Farewell—farewell!—we meet no more below;
My heart is with the heathen—let me go!"

THE TEMPERANCE PROCESSION.

Hark to the shouts and the rolling drum!
With music, and banner, and badge, they come!
Their ranks are marshalled in proud array,
And their spirits are keeping high holiday.
Well may they shout, for a deadly foe
Lies trodden down in the dust below;
Well may they gaze with a fearless eye
On their fellow-man and the fair blue sky;
And well may they walk with a bearing proud,
While o'er them floats, like a summer cloud,
Many a banner, to lead them on,
Undaunted, unmoved, till the fight is done!

And who are these, that, with rolling drum,
And shouts and music, thus boldly come?
Who pause by each fountain and streamlet's shore,
Yet pass unmoved by the open door
Where wildest revel and mirth combine
To drown dull care in the sparkling wine?—

The free-born host! who, with heart and hand,
Are pledged to drive from their native land
The fierce destroyer of life and soul,
Who mingles death in the flowing bowl.
They have burst in their might from the tyrant's reign,
They will yield no more to his slavish chain!

And when from a conquered field they come,
With flying colors and rolling drum,
Shall they be welcomed with loud acclaim,
And their deeds inscribed on the scroll of Fame?
Shall they wear the laurel of victory?
Say! what shall the meed of the conqueror be? —
A home whence the demon of discord flies,
A household bound in sweet kindred ties,
A glad light heart, and a strong right arm,
To toil for and shield the beloved from harm;
A happy youth and an honored age,
More blest than to live on Fame's brightest page.

Then joy to the host that, with rolling drum,
With badge and banner, thus boldly come!
March on! with your glorious flag unfurled,
Till the spirit foul from his throne is hurled;

Till the long-worn fetters shall idly rust,
And the new-made free seek a higher trust.
Then shall the meed of your valor come,
By altars reared in a peaceful home;
Where your children's children shall rise and tell
How by your prowess the tyrant fell;
And your memories live when the proudest name
Is erased by Time from the scroll of Fame!

WHY PINEST THOU, MY SPIRIT?

Why pinest thou, my spirit,
So vainly for the home of other years?
Knowest thou not the change all things inherit
Hath marred its loveliness? My lone heart hears
A strange, low requiem — a dirge-note thrilling
Its deepest chords; and its wild cadence flings
A sadness over me, like night-dews chilling
Some sweet harp's silver strings,

Telling of the departed,
Whose eyes made sunlight in my childhood's home;
Of those who linger, lonely, broken-hearted;
Of those who far, yet unforgotten, roam
In distant lands. Of long unclouded summers,
When 'mong the flowers the wild bee's humming voice
Mingled its music with sweet household murmurs,
Making the heart rejoice.

The stranger's foot is treading
In the green home-paths, and their children meet
Where the old mossy apple-trees are spreading
A deep, cool shadow from the noon-day heat.
They pluck the wild-flowers from the breezy mountain,
Upon whose summit the young day-beams glow;
They hear the fairy whispers of the fountain,
In its unceasing flow.

Strange voices now are thrilling
Through the old halls, in unfamiliar mirth,
Where hearts have broken; and strange forms are filling
Each household niche, and gathering round the hearth.
Like an imprisoned bird, my fond heart beateth
Against its bars. Oh! ye beloved, appear!
Not e'en an echo tremblingly repeateth
The names I long to hear.

Then why, with tears of anguish,
Pinest thou, oh my spirit! to behold
Once more the home of other years, — why languish
In that green vale thy weary wings to fold?

Thy home is in the skies,—there wait to meet thee
The lost of earth; the beautiful, the bright,
With tearless eyes and smiles of love, shall greet thee;
Nerve—nerve thee for the flight!

Strive with the memories clinging
Around thy pathway, and the dreams which come
In the still midnight hour, the long past bringing
Back in its freshness, and the thoughts of home
Haunting thee evermore; in yon blue heaven
Thou hast a dwelling, where change cometh not;
Where rest unto the weary soul is given,
Its sorrows all forgot.

ON THE BAPTISM OF A YOUNG LADY.

Ay! come to that blest fount,
Fair maiden, in thy youthful prime and bloom;
Thy offering hath a pure and rich perfume,
Which unto God will mount.

Well may'st thou raise thy voice
In songs of praise to Him who brought thee there;
Who taught thee first to raise the fervent prayer,
And bade thy heart rejoice.

Is there on earth a sight
On which the angels gaze with holy joy,
And for a moment leave their blest employ,
To look with pure delight, —

'T is when a youthful heart,
Yielding itself, with all its powers, to God,
And trusting in the Saviour's precious blood,
Comes from the world apart.

Press forward, ransomed one,
And faint not by the way; a holy love
Will guide thee safely to the realms above,
When here thy work is done!

THE MOTHER TO HER LITTLE "CHARLIE,"

ON HIS THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

THREE years — three short and happy years,
My beautiful, my own!
Have flitted by on angel wings,
Since o'er my path was thrown
The sunlight of thy joyous smile,
The beaming of thine eye,
As purely bright as rays that fall
From an unclouded sky.

Ah! who can blame me that with pride
I gaze upon thee now,
While life's first rosy dawning sheds
A halo round thy brow,
On which, as on a polished scroll,
A mother's eye can read
High promise for thy coming years,
In many a noble deed?

Who that has looked upon thine eyes,
  Unawed by stern control,
Can wonder that I deem their light
  Reflected from thy soul?
Oh! ever from their lustrous depths
  May pure affections glow,
And holy streams of truth and love
  From thy young spirit flow!

And who can wonder, when I bend
  Above my sleeping boy,
That shadows from the future come
  To mingle with my joy?
For well I know that tears must dim
  The eyes that brightest beam,
And manhood to thy heart will bring
  Full many a troubled dream.

And soon, my loved and cherished one,
  Thou wilt go forth to brave
The tempests on life's weary path,
  The dangers of its wave;
But oft, amid the darkest clouds,
  The promise-bow appears,—
So on thy way bright hopes may spring,
  Though heralded by tears.

My boy! I will not dream of ill
  While gazing on thy face;
Thine eye undimmed by tears — thy cheek
  Unstained by sorrow's trace.
No evil boding word shall fall
  Upon thy youthful head,
But o'er thee hope and trusting faith
  Like holy dews be shed.

And may it be thy mother's part
  To weave the spells of home
So closely round thine inmost heart,
  That, should thy footsteps roam
Far from the happy household band,
  Amid life's devious ways,
Its memory like a light shall rise
  From blessed childhood's days!

And thou, a weary, wandering dove,
  Back to my arms shall come,
To nestle in the peaceful ark
  Of thy sweet, early home.
But now, beloved, I will not dwell
  On all a mother's fears;
I bless thee, as my present joy,
  My hope for coming years!

SONNET,

ON HEARING A FLUTE AT NIGHT.

Soft-breathing flute! so sweet, so clear, so wild,
  Through the still evening air thy far-off note
  Doth on my ear like spirit-music float,
And hath my weary heart of care beguiled.
  Now thou dost mingle with the wood-dove's tone,
  That, with a low and melancholy moan,
Comes from the forest depths; now high and shrill,
  As if the player inspiration caught
From the bright stars above him, thou dost fill
  My soul with mournful memories of the past,
  And visions far too beautiful to last
  In this dim world. Oh! I have often sought
To banish Fancy;—by that magic strain
Called into glowing life, she comes to me again.

EMBLEMS.

I saw a snow-white lily,
  The fairest of its race:
Beneath a fostering hand it grew
  In loveliness and grace;
A storm-cloud gathered o'er it,
  And burst upon its head,
It yielded to the blast, and lay
  Low on its grassy bed.

A young and gentle maiden
  Dwelt in a princely dome,
The joy and happiness of all
  In her own native home.
Not love nor anxious watching
  Their cherished one could save;
And, like the lily's fragile flower,
  She found an early grave.

In a sweet cottage garden
  A modest violet grew,
And meekly to the passer-by
  Upturned its eye of blue:
One in the crowd admiring,
  With rude hand plucked the flower,
The fragrance stole, then cast it by —
  It withered in an hour.

Within that vine-clad cottage
  Was innocence enshrined;
Beauty — oh! union rare on earth!
  With pure and lowly mind.
Then came the cruel spoiler,
  With words of witching power,
And, like the violet, faded, lost,
  Was that sweet cottage flower.

I saw the slender ivy
  Cling to a ruined wall;
It strengthened and sustained the pile,
  Which tottered to its fall;
But, by the green leaves covered,
  The time-worn towers looked gay,
And braved the summer-storm and blast
  Of many a winter day.

A noble heart was breaking
  Beneath its weight of care;
But there was one whose gentle voice
  Forbade him to despair.
With words of deep affection
  She cheered his onward way,
And like the ivy, green and bright,
  Smiled on the darkest day.

I saw a rose unfolding,
  And watched it day by day;
The dew and sunshine nourished it —
  Could that sweet flower decay?
The autumn wind blew rudely,
  And chilled its tender form;
Too bright it was, and beautiful,
  To bide the coming storm.

An infant, in its beauty,
  Slept on its mother's breast;
Death came — her bud of earthly hope
  Drooped to its lowly rest.
Alas for that young mother!
  Her brightest dream is o'er;
For withered rose, and spirit fled,
  Time never can restore.

Thus is each flower that springeth
  A type of woman's heart;
Of weakness, gentleness and strength,
  Of hopes that soon depart;
Of fading youth and beauty,
  Of lasting truth and love,
Of fond ties sundered here on earth,
  To be renewed above.

Then let us, in the passing
  Of summer flowers away,
Learn that we hold on mortal life
  A tenure frail as they.
And guard the germ of virtue
  With watchful, jealous care,
That it may spring beyond the skies,
  And bloom unfading there.

THE STRANGERS' REQUIEM.

"After the dreadful storm which, a few years since, passed over the devoted city of Natchez, the bodies of many strangers were found buried beneath the ruins."

They died — but not upon the peaceful pillow
  Where once in childhood's rosy sleep they lay,
Whence life departeth as the gentle billow
  From white and silent sands ebbs slow away.
They died — but not with weeping friends around them,
  To say farewell, upon the verge of life;
Far off, alone, the fearful summons found hem,
  Without one voice to cheer the last dark strife.

Wildly the spirit of the storm was shrieking,
  Borne onward by the whirlwind's rapid wing,
Like voice of the dark angel Azrael, speaking
  The doom of death to every living thing.
Thick darkness, as of midnight, gathered o'er them,
  Like shadows from the grave, then passed away; —
Their forms the mother had not known who bore them —
  Wrecks on the shore of human life they lay.

And thus they perished; — still the fire is burning
  Brightly for them on some far distant hearth,
Where kindred wait in vain for their returning,
  And eyes grow dim amid the household mirth.
Thus did they perish — and the graves are nameless
  Where the beloved of many hearts repose;
Strangers in life, in death unknown and fameless,
  O'er them Oblivion's parted waters close.

The tempest-shock, life's cords asunder rending,
  Is nought compared to that which scathes the soul;
Hope's green leaves and its flowers in ruin blending,
  Making the future but a blackened scroll.
Oh! woe of woes! to live when all we cherished
  Hath left us lone and blighted, like the vine
Whose summer glories one by one have perished,
  Around whose form no clasping tendrils twine.

The widowed bride claspeth her slender fingers,
  Where gleams the bridal ring, upon her brow;
Around her heart the warmth of love still lingers,
  But her cheek wears a deadly paleness now;
For in her darkened room hot tears are swelling
  From the heart's broken fountain, for the light
No more — no more to cheer her lonely dwelling,
  No more to shine upon life's weary night.

Woe for the mother, by the old hearth, weeping,
  At the accustomed hour of prayer, alone;
With aimless love the vacant chair still keeping,
  For her long absent and her only son.
She knoweth that the last farewell is spoken —
  The last bright blossom shaken from the bough;
And, like a shattered tree, the sign and token
  Of Sorrow's tempest power, she standeth now!

"It is not all of death to die," — the living
  Feel more of pain than they who meet the blow;
Long years of hopeless, helpless anguish, giving
  The bitterness of Marah to the flow
Of life's dark stream, which bears the deathless spirit
  Onward and upward to its final bourn,
Where pangs are felt no more which hearts inherit,
  Nor close-bound ties by death asunder torn.

A SUMMER SCENE.

Clouds! heralds of the tempest, lo! ye come!
Your dark forms marshalled on the western sky,
Like gathering hosts, unfurled your banners fly:
Where is the foe? Hark! through the deepening gloom
The sweeping of his mighty wings I hear;
Unseen, but terrible, he rushes forth
To do fierce battle, while the trembling earth,
Awe-struck and silent now, beholds with fear.
One universal flash of blinding light,
And heaven's artillery shakes the earth and main;
The invading clouds retreat, in rapid flight,
Rank after rank, across the ethereal plain.
The sun beams out in pride of conscious power,
And earth rejoices in his cheering ray,
As a young beauty from her radiant bower
With smiles rewards the victor's hard-won day.
On the blue west, where late the tempest raged,
And the fierce elements their warfare waged,

The banner of the conqueror is unrolled —
Crimson and purple, wrought with living gold,
A gorgeous canopy! The storm is past;
How awful is his majesty, how vast
His power, who holds the elements in thrall, —
Clouds, lightning, thunder, wind, his servants are ye all!

THE STRANGER'S DOOM.

They gathered round his dying bed,—
  His failing eye was glazed and dim;
But 'mong the many gazers, there
  Were none who wept or cared for him.

Oh! 'tis a sad, a fearful thing,
  To die with none but strangers near;
To see within the darkened room
  No face, no form, to memory dear!

To hear no loved, familiar voice—
  Earth's sweetest music to the last;
No whispered prayer, no stifled sob,
  Not e'en an echo from the past!

To feel, when deeper still the shades
  Of death have gathered o'er the brain,
No clasping hand, no farewell kiss,
  Pressed on the brow, again—again!

Yet thus he died — afar from all
  Who might have mourned his early doom!
Strange hands his drooping eyelids closed,
  And bore him to his nameless tomb.

They laid him where tall forest trees
  Cast their dark shadows o'er his bed,
And hurriedly, in silence, heaped
  The wild-grass turf above his head.

None prayed, none wept, when all was o'er,
  Nor lingered near the sacred spot;
But turned them to the world again,
  And soon his very name forgot.

A TRUE SKETCH.

WHENCE came that tress of long and shining hair?
As beautifully bright, as soft and fair,
As if but yesterday it graced a brow
Of living, breathing loveliness, — yet now,
Severed, alone it lies, and tears are shed
Above it, such as fall but for the dead!
The grave replied: —
"A weeping household bore
Forth from a threshold she might cross no more
The mother who had nursed their infant years,
Soothed all their sorrows, wiped away their tears;
Their faithful guide — of friends the dearest one —
Earth seemed all desolate when she was gone.
Weeping they bore her forth, and in my breast
The cherished form was laid in dreamless rest.
Long, long she slumbered, and the grass grew green
Above her bosom, in the summer sheen;
There flowers bloomed brightly, each returning spring,
And there the wild-bird oft would stay her wing,

And, resting lightly on some bending spray,
Pour forth, in thrilling notes, her requiem lay.
Years went and came, unnoted as they passed,
Save, in their flight, they brought a day, at last,
In which my long-sealed portals were unclosed,
And the dim chamber where the dead reposed
Was opened to the day; — what saw they there?
Nought but that length of darkly gleaming hair!
All else was dust, pale dust and ashes all!
And once again they spread the funeral pall
O'er that which *was!*
I guarded well my trust;
But dust it was, and it returned to dust,
All save that silken tress."
And there it lay,
While warmly beamed the golden light of day
On that long-buried relic. Manhood bowed,
And with the grief of memory wept aloud.
He was a child again, and years rolled back;
He trod again his childhood's sunny track,
Bright with familiar faces; she was there,
His unforgotten mother! Her dark hair
Parted with matron grace upon her brow,
The same — the very same he gazed on now!

He heard her voice — affection's gentlest tone —
No sweeter sound his ear had ever known.
All, all came back! — the long and weary years
Since he had laid her in the grave, with tears,
How dark they seemed! — though manhood's cares had
wrought
Upon his brow the traces of deep thought,
Still did the memory of his mother twine,
Like the young tendrils of the clasping vine,
Closely around his heart.
Oh, silken tress!
Be thou a messenger of love, to bless
That filial spirit; and from that dark bourn
Whence to the living none may e'er return,
A voice to tell of hope beyond, and peace,
Where all the sorrows of the mourner cease;
Bearing this message to his inmost heart —
"The loved shall meet again, no more to part!"

INVOCATION.

Come to my bosom, dearest!
To a heart that is all thine own, —
A heart that pines, like a prisoned bird,
In its weariness alone.

Long hast thou wandered, dearest!
Far from thy home and me;
'Mid the cold world's frowns and its heartless smiles —
What is the world to thee?

Long hast thou cherished, dearest!
Fond hopes of a brighter day;
Oh! what is wealth, when the heart lives on,
Uncheered by Affection's ray?

Is the glow of the diamond, dearest!
Though bright as the stars above,
As pure and warm as the holy light
That beams from the eye of love?

Is the pæan of glory, dearest!
Though grateful its music be,
More sweet than the voice which at evening's hour
Hath whispered fond words to thee?

And the bowers of that bright land, dearest!
By its fragrant breezes fanned —
Are they dear as the hearth in our own loved home,
'Mid the snows of a northern land?

I know that thy spirit, dearest!
Chafes at the stern control;
And thine are the visions, by night and day,
Of a deep and yearning soul,

For the voice of affection, dearest!
And the beams of a love-lit eye,
And the holy joys of a peaceful home,
Wherever that home may lie.

Then come to my bosom, dearest!
Come to a faithful heart,
That pines for thee in its loneliness,
And never from thence depart!

ON SEEING A MONUMENT,

DESIGNED FOR THE GRAVE OF E. M. L., OF ST. MARY'S, GA.

I saw it gleaming white
In the summer's golden light —
Gleaming white as the snow on the mountain's lofty crest;
And cold as that young brow,
So calmly sleeping now,
Where they laid her softly down, in her dreamless rest.

She stood, a fair young bride,
By the fond, protecting side
Of one who vowed to cherish her through life's weal and woe;
To shield her from the breath
Of every ill but death,
Who ever for his own culls the fairest flowers below.

In the sunny morn of life,
When glowing hopes were rife,
And no bright bud had faded 'neath her cloudless sky —

When on her summer path
Had fallen no lightning scath —
She drooped as fades the lily when the storm sweeps by.

She died — but lives in heaven,
Where her youthful heart was given,
And her memory long shall linger like a sweet perfume;
And holy joy be shed
O'er the living, from the dead,
When her spirit-breath is felt, in the solemn midnight gloom.

Soon this polished shaft will rise,
Beneath the sunny skies,
'Mid the fragrant orange-bowers of her own fair land;
And, ever pointing up,
Will bid the mourner hope
That she dwelleth now in light, with an angel band.

And when *he* sadly weeps
Whose bosom treasure sleeps,
Beneath thy shadow gray, oh, monumental stone!
Speak thus unto his heart —
"Though here the loved must part,
And thou a weary path must henceforth tread alone, —

"Yet, from the fever strife,
And wasting cares of life,
Which thou must bear uncheered by gentle words of love,
Look ever to the goal
Of the free and deathless soul,
Where she waits to welcome thee to a home of bliss above!"

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